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VOLUME IV.  
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1863

*New Series.*

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# DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 19.

JULY.

1863.

## LLOYD PENNANT, A TALE OF THE WEST

BY RALPH NEVILLE, ESQ.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved, and the Privilege of Dramatic Adaptation has been secured by the Author.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

Pincher's first impulse was to shout for the gaoler; but Johnson, gathering up his fetters, and seizing the end of the rope, poised the piece of iron attached to it in his hands, as he said, "if you move or call, you die; it's all the same to me to be hanged for a dozen as for one."

"What a fool you are," replied Pincher, calmly, "our interests are the same, and yet a second time you would break our bargain; I promised to save you, and I'm come to do it."

"The money's not enough—I must have a hundred or nothing—and recollect you don't leave this alive unless you give it; I'll murder you before any help can come—mind that chummy."

Pincher, not knowing what the temper or expectations of Johnson might be, had come amply provided for all emergencies, he drew another rouleau containing fifty guineas from his pocket.

"Come, here's what you ask, let us be friends; but be off at once, for you must make good way before daylight, or some mischance may befall you; and mind, of all things, that my year of office will expire in a few months, and that if you be again taken nothing on earth can save you—so keep wide of Ireland." While speaking he undid the fetters which bound the convict with a key, given him by the gaoler. Johnson gave a bound when he found himself free, and rubbed his limbs, and settled down his dress as a bird would plume his feathers after being ruffled by a hail storm.

"Stay a bit," he said, as Pincher led the way out, "you and governor mustn't stir 'till I get clear of the wall, else some other cove might stop me. Here goes," he flung the weight clean over at the first throw, and mounted the rope with the agility of a cat.

When Colonel Blake reached the gaol next morning, all was bustle and confusion, the prisoner had effected his escape, how, no one could tell;

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A

there were slight marks upon the wall, and it was supposed he had succeeded in crossing it there. The Sheriff instituted a rigid investigation, to which the Colonel with other magistrates was invited, he seemed to be particularly irritated against the governor, (who, by the way, was a close relation of his own, although the fact was carefully concealed,) but it appeared that every possible precaution had been taken, all the officers were at their respective posts. The gaoler positively swore that he had seen the prisoner safe at ten o'clock, and his testimony was corroborated by two of the turnkeys, who saw him locking the yard door of the condemned cell, after having made his inspection. A considerable time having been lost in making this inquiry, it was at length decided that a pursuit should be instantly undertaken, and the gaoler having just then informed the sheriff that a person resembling the escaped convict, had been met on a road leading in exactly a contrary direction to that which Johnson had really taken, every available man was despatched thither, with positive orders to enter all houses and make a general and most careful search.

More than six months had now elapsed, since the execution of the mortgage to Mr. Clipper; and the first gale of interest due, was applied for, on behalf of Mr. Pincher Martin, who had taken an assignment of it before the flight of the compromised attorney. Mike, being fully prepared, at once paid the money; but it became a source of uneasiness both to him, and the Colonel, that the incumbrance had fallen into the hands of a person, from whom they could anticipate nothing, but hostility and annoyance. To add to their disquietude, Mr. Docket's bankruptcy appeared shortly after in the *Gazette*; and it was not without sad forebodings, that the Colonel read Mr. Pepper's letter apprising him that Pincher had added to his claims upon the Dunseverick estates, by becoming possessor of the charge originally vested in the unfortunate Banker.

For some time after the trial, Pincher Martin felt considerable uneasiness, as to the consequences which might arise from the threat so publicly made in the Court House, as well as from the private communications which Johnson had previously made to himself; his first step after the prisoner's conviction and escape, was to prevent further publicity, by securing the local press, in which he perfectly succeeded, and then like a prudent man, he proceeded to take precautions against the worst that might ensue. His marriage was by no means a happy one, his wife being anything but an amiable person—and although no expense had been spared in cultivating her mind, and seeking to give her a good education, those who superintended her studies and, sought to form her character, had but small reason to congratulate themselves upon their success. The girl was not only ill-looking, (an extraordinary instance of ugliness, in a family remarkable for personal beauty,) but innately vulgar—she had low propensities, and had exhibited, at a very early age, a predilection for strong liquors, with difficulty checked before her marriage, but which had broken out with increased violence, since she had become her own mistress. For a long time Pincher remained ignorant of her disgraceful failing; her occasional absence from the dinner table, being attributed to sudden and

severe headaches, which compelled her to remain in bed; and she took special care never to appear until the effects of her intemperance had been completely slept off. At length accident disclosed the nature of the ailment to her astonished husband; and to the dread inspired by the revelations made to him by Johnson, was added the unpleasant certainty of being irrevocably bound, under all circumstances, to the drunken heiress. The *ci-devant* attorney's feelings, however, were not very acute; love, (as well as honour,) was a sentiment which remained a stranger to his heart; could he but preserve the secret of his wife's weak point, and the possession of her property, he would have been perfectly contented with his lot; he endeavoured to accomplish the first object, by allowing her free access to the decanters, at times when the effects could be concealed from the servants; perhaps, too, he acted thus from a latent wish, that unrestrained excess might ultimately produce fatal consequences. As time wore on, however, and no claimant appeared to contest his right, the possessor of Castlemore became reassured—confidence in the stability of his tenure increased, and the insolence generated by his unexpected elevation became augmented. There was not a more arrogant or unpopular man in the county —. Nearly two years had gone by since the trial; the interest on the debts affecting the Dunseverick estates had been punctually paid by Mike, and the Colonel and his niece led a quiet and comparatively happy life; during the summer taking trips to the English watering places; and thus diversifying the monotony of a continued residence in the country. Miss Bingham was now of age, and her mind, as well as her person, had become more fully developed. She was the admiration of every society in which she mixed; the frankness of her character and manners put every one with whom she came in contact at ease, and the charm of her open smile and artless countenance impressed all who approached her with the honesty and benignity of her gentle soul; her personal charms, though universally admitted to be great, seemed cast into the shade by her varied accomplishments and the sweet simplicity of her affectionate disposition; no guile was in her thoughts—no scandal on her lips—no jealousy threw its baleful shadow over her beaming face—no evil passion lurked within the precincts, or corroded the purity of her untainted heart; and she was more frequently enlised as the most amiable and gifted, than as the most beautiful of women; yet, under the captivating exterior of artlessness and gaiety, this girl concealed a character as unbending as the oak, when principle was at stake, and as unswerving in its fidelity to professed affection, as it was regardless of the personal sacrifices which duty imposed or love demanded. Kate had been early taught the necessity of self-control, and the value of self-reliance; at nineteen, she found herself plighted and deserted, and the desire to conceal from others a bitter disappointment, which she believed to be unknown to any but herself and Mike, together with the efforts made to solve the mystery of her lover's disappearance, roused the dormant faculties of her mind, and brought both her reasoning powers and her judgment to maturity.

The vicissitudes of her uncle's fortune, shewed her that calamities

might arise when least expected; and she prepared herself to meet any which Providence, in its wisdom, should decree; by mentally contemplating worldly misfortunes in the most appalling forms they could assume; and learning to mitigate the consequences of their infliction, by training herself so as to be always prepared, meekly but bravely, to encounter them. Thus, the cultivation of her talents was sedulously attended to, and fresh acquirements, while they afforded pleasure to her friends, imparted a sense of additional independence to herself. Colonel Blake often marvelled at the indomitable perseverance with which she mastered a language or learned an art; he little knew that those severe studies and prolonged labours were undertaken from a far higher motive than that of affording gratification to those she loved, or of adding another item to her claims on general admiration. Miss Bingham did not, it is true, exactly anticipate that she should ever be reduced to the necessity of trusting to her talents to supply her own or her uncle's personal requirements; but she reflected deeply on the instability of human greatness; and she took a pleasure in cultivating the talents with which Heaven had gifted her, in order more efficiently to combat still further reverses, should they be sent. The mutual confidence established between Mike and herself, since the interview in the drawing-room, tended to give this bent to her mind, and this direction to her reflections; she communicated unreservedly her own feelings and expectations to him, and received in return information concerning the steps which were being taken to discover Pennant's retreat; and also regarding her uncle's pecuniary embarrassments, with which he, good man, supposed her to be altogether unacquainted. It was no wonder that a girl whose thoughts and acts were regulated by such high motives, and whose affections were guided by such rigid principles, whose disposition was so unselfish, and whose attentions were at once so delicate and so tender, should win a complete ascendancy over an afflicted heart, and a mind bowed down by sorrow. The Colonel doated upon her as his child, and his every wish was centred in her happiness and future advancement.

Parliament having been suddenly dissolved, Theobald Frederick Blatherwell again solicited the honour of representing the county. He had, however, proved a failure in the House, and the ministry, although of the party to which he had attached himself, were perfectly indifferent to his success. He was looked upon as a self-sufficient and self-willed person, confident of powers which he did not possess, and holding a high opinion of his own importance, in which few were found to concur. The active influence of Government and his party being withheld—Blatherwell conceived that his most judicious course would be to place himself before the constituency, on patriotic principles; but here he appeared ludicrously out of character. The candidate who could *then* base his claims on patriotism, must be a fellow able to drink all night, and ready to fight in the morning; he should be generous without money, and hospitable without means—his tongue must be ready to abuse, and his hand prompt to strike—he was expected to sacrifice his own interests for the benefit of his friends, and to heap personal favours on those whose votes secured him personal protection;

old blood was indispensable; but, although the profession of patriotism, at that period, might imply but a slight share of private, and a still slighter share of public integrity; yet, the person who hoped to succeed under the banner, must have been, at least, so far gifted as to conceal the rottenness of the representative under the accomplishments of the gentleman. Now-a-days, those mitigating qualifications are dispensed with, and the *parvenu* patriot, unadorned as he is dishonest, may sell himself with the same facility, if not to the like advantage, as his more aristocratic predecessors sold their country. Theobald Frederick could not lay claim to even the least meritorious of those qualifications, being neither eloquent in his speech nor elegant in his manners—neither hospitable nor generous—possessing neither old blood nor old acres. The source from which he sprang was ignoble; and the ink which transferred to him his estate was still wet upon the parchment; he had never invited any of the county people to his house, nor obtained the “entree” to theirs—and he endeavoured to palliate his niggardliness by the paltry excuse, that he had no residence of his own, the family mansion being as yet his father’s. The Judge felt the full force of his son’s disadvantages; and the thought struck him that they might be, in some degree, overcome by locating him at Castlemore during his canvass; under his relative’s roof, he might claim some “*locus standi*,” Pincher being his cousin, and his cousin’s wife being the representative of an old family, and a large estate in the county.

The worthy Judge had other motives, too, for proposing the arrangement; it would not only facilitate his son’s communication with the leaders of his party, but also save his own purse; he wished to preserve his parliamentary influence at any cost, for the purpose of forwarding his own ultimate views; and he should be obliged to pay unhesitatingly—for, were any lack of money apparent, inquiries might be made by Lord Heatheringfield, as to how his prudent son-in-law could be crippled in his pecuniary resources—and the mystery might be solved, by the discovery that the young man had privately contracted, annually to refund to his father one half of the liberal settlement ostensibly made upon him at his marriage, together with at once transferring a full moiety of Lady Olivia’s ready money.

Pincher Martin received the proposition with delight; he longed for the opportunity of playing the “grand seigneur,” and of exhibiting his wealth and splendour to those whose high descent enabled them to dispense with many of the appliances so essential to the *parvenu*; he only desired a plausible excuse for inviting his neighbours, who looked upon him coldly, although they had paid the usual complimentary visits on his establishment amongst them; and he, moreover, considered this a felicitous opportunity for realizing another object dear to his ambition. Notwithstanding all his obsequiousness and money, he had never been able to obtain a footing at Heatheringfield Manor; he heard that the Earl would come into the county to support his son-in-law’s pretensions, and see that the free-holders on his estate acted in conformity with his wishes. Now, then, was the time to secure a visit from the haughty peer, which might lead to an invitation for Mrs. Pincher Martin and himself, and he resolved to lose no time

in taking measures to insure the success of his plan. He wrote to young Blatherwell, stating how delighted and honoured he should feel, if Lord Heatheringfield would make Castlemore his head quarters during his sojourn in the neighbourhood, and enclosed an invitation for that nobleman, which he requested his relative to forward, and enforce with all his influence. At the same time, and through the same channel, he despatched a note from his wife to Lady Olivia, expressing her hope that the Countess and her daughters would accompany the Earl. "It would be so charming," she wrote, "to have such a family party, and so much pleasanter for the ladies to be on the spot when the election came off, rather than at a distance, where they might be kept long in suspense as to the result." The invitation, so warmly pressed was accepted, not only by Lord Heatheringfield, but, (a much more important matter,) by the ladies also; and preparations on a grand scale were immediately made for their reception.

Mrs. and the Misses Blatherwell (there were two) formed a considerable addition to the family circle, and now it only remained to secure the presence of some of the neighbouring aristocracy to render success complete. Pincher felt peculiarly anxious on this point, as he wished the Heatheringfields to see that he held station amongst the recognised county families. Cards were accordingly issued for a large dinner party, and forwarded to many who had never noticed the present Martin people at all—but on the security of whose estates the lord of the Castle or his uncle had advanced considerable sums of money. Pincher's ideas led him to suppose, that persons so situated, no matter what their private feelings might be in respect to himself, would scarcely venture to refuse his invitation; and amongst others so circumstanced to whom missives were despatched, figured all the members of the domestic circle at Dunseverick.

Colonel Blake declined, on the score of ill-health and disinclination to enter society; but even he was awed by the power which Pincher, were he hostilely disposed, might exercise over him; and, therefore, to keep up appearances, suggested that Kate and Mike should go.

It rarely happens that persons unaccustomed to move in good society from their youth, can do the honours of their table with that elegance and ease which only habitual association with the refined can impart. There was abundance of display; the side-board groaned under a load of plate, and no objection could be taken to the number or appointments of the servants, who paraded in the gorgeous livery of the Martins; but the dignity of an accomplished host was wanting to harmonize all the constituent parts of the entertainment, and make it pass off with *eclat*. Pincher appeared to be sitting on thorns; he could see nobody; could attend no one but Lord Heatheringfield and his party. "My lord" and "My lady," "your lordship" and "your ladyship," were for ever on his tongue, to the great annoyance of those really well-bred people. More than once he ordered a servant to remove "the lord's plate," to the said lord's unutterable disgust; and he so overwhelmed the ladies with pompous and stilted compliments, that they longed for a release from such uncongenial conversation.

It was the first occasion upon which Mrs. Blatherwell and her daughters



had the honour of dining in company with the Heatheringfield ladies; for, although the peer, when in town sometimes patronized the Judge, the Countess had never honoured their new connections with her presence at an entertainment. Lady Heatheringfield, who was too conscious of her own position to be supercilious, displayed the utmost condescension when she came in contact with the female branches of the Blatherwell family, and had even gone the length of suggesting that some of them might be invited to the Manor; but the Earl at once put an extinguisher on the proposal, declaring peremptorily "that it would never answer." Unfortunately, Mrs. Blatherwell deemed it necessary to shew off before her grand connections; on this, the first opportunity which presented itself, for the purpose of convincing them that she could do the fine lady; and by so doing, the good woman added exceedingly to the perplexities and discomfort of the evening, "Dearest," (the pet name by which the Judge always addressed his better half,) was a fine buxom dame, turned of fifty, with a person rather stout, with a face presenting as florid a picture of robust health, as the most jovial Bacchante that ever issued from the easel of Nichol Pousin. Nevertheless, Mrs. Blatherwell had the misfortune to be nervous, or considered it good taste to appear so, and made a practice of fainting during dinner upon special occasions—a habit extremely inconvenient to her guests, who, as she weighed profoundly, were often obliged to participate in the labour of removing a burthen, which the servants in attendance were unable to support. But what of that, her little fits afforded the Judge an opportunity of displaying his conjugal affection, and enabled her daughters to shew off their sensibility and filial love.

The entertainment was progressing heavily, but, all things considered, rather well, when a preliminary hysterical sob startled the company, and Mrs. Blatherwell fell back in her chair. As she turned over, she caught the table-cloth in her grasp, and jerked a plate of boiled turkey and oyster sauce, to which she had just been helped, right upon the full-dress jacket of a cornet of hussars, who, in his efforts to save his finery, struck a decanter of wine from the hands of a servant, into the lap of an elderly lady, habited in a brocaded silk, an heirloom from her grandmother. Anna Maria, the elder Miss Blatherwell, flew to her mother in a twinkling, and the worthy dame was borne away, followed in procession by her sorrowing spouse and afflicted family. The Heatheringfields, not being habituated to these scenes, appeared deeply distressed, and the host left the room, but soon returned with the consoling intelligence, that all would be right directly; he seemed, however, quite thrown off his guard by the occurrence, and forgetting by whom he was surrounded, remarked to Theobald Frederick, who had resumed his seat at the foot of the table, "That it was d——d unlucky." After waiting some time Lady Heatheringfield went quietly to see if she could render any service, but she found the invalid seated on a sofa in the drawing-room, in a complete state of convalescence, while Mrs. Pincher Martin stood before her with a smelling bottle in one hand, and a bumper of *Madeira* in the other.

"How very unlike her family the lady of the house is," said Lord

Heatheringfield to Mike, at the close of a conversation which they had carried on for some time in the drawing-room.

"Very," replied Mike, looking intently at her; "it is the first time I've had the honour of meeting her, for you may suppose, Lord Heatheringfield, that past occurrences cut off all intercourse between the Blakes and Martins; but she is indeed very unlike any of the old stock."

The night was far advanced, and Colonel Blake's carriage stood at the door. Miss Bingham had gone to muffle, and Mike waited her return in the hall, when Pincher, who had evidently taken too much wine, requested him to walk into the parlour, as he wished to hold some conversation in private with him; he had often, during the evening, appeared to be on the point of making some communication which he seemed afraid to hazard; but his courage had reached the sticking point. "I only wanted to say," addressing Mike, as he closed the door, "that I will expect the Colonel to support Blatherwell." Mike made no reply.

"That, I think," Pincher continued, becoming excited, "is the least he can do, considering how kind I have behaved towards him." Mike said, "That never having spoken with Colonel Blake upon the subject, he did not know what his intentions might be."

"I don't care a d—n," rejoined Pincher, "what his intentions are, I only know my own; and, by G—d, if he doesn't do what I expect, I'll make him sup sorrow; so tell him that, if you please," and he turned to leave the room.

"Mr. Martin," said Mike, calmly, "I am here an invited guest, and did not expect to be insulted by being asked to convey a most ungentlemanly message to my relative. I now tell you I won't make the communication you require, and that, but for the respect I entertain for some of the inmates of your house, I should punish such conduct on the spot."

"I don't care a d—n about you, sir," said Pincher, "I set you at defiance—I'll go over to-morrow, with Blatherwell, and have a clear understanding and decisive answer; and if you, or your relative, as you call him, attempt to annoy me, I'll take you to the King's Bench, to learn you manners—and I tell you now [he raised his voice as he opened the door, so that every one in the Hall might hear him]. "If what I want is not done, I'll smoke the old fox out of his castle, that's all," and he strode into the drawing-room, leaving Mike speechless with rage, amongst the servants.

As he handed Miss Bingham to the carriage, Mike felt her tremble upon his arm, and when the horses started, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Kate?" demanded her companion anxiously.

"Oh, I have been so worried by those horrid women; Miss Blatherwell warned me, in the coarsest manner, that if my uncle did not support her brother, Mr. Pincher Martin would ruin him; and I overheard his threat to you—I wish we had not come amongst such people;" and the poor girl sobbed bitterly. "My dear Mike, to think of his being in the power of persons so tyrannical and unfeeling!"

Colonel Blake was unusually cheerful at the breakfast-table next morning; he felt gratified that Lord Heatheringfield, who sent him many kind



messages, had not forgotten their former intimacy; and was even affected, when he learned that his old acquaintance, whom he had not met for many years, proposed paying him a visit before he left the country.

"Now, good folks," said he, rising gaily, when the meal was over, "prepare at once to accompany me, as I have something to do which will require your advice and assistance. Do you know, Kate, that I amused myself last evening, during your absence, in planning a new approach to your garden; but some trees must be cut down to accomplish my object—the men are waiting for our orders, so come along."

As they proceeded on their way, the Colonel explained his intended improvement—the present approach to the garden led directly from the grand avenue—he designed to go by a more circuitous, but much more private and romantic route, running along the river side, which should be dammed at a particular spot, and so form a pretty and refreshing cascade. They were all busily engaged directing the cutting down of the necessary trees, when a carriage drove towards the house; the labourers just then went home for dinner; and Kate and the gentlemen seated themselves on the trunk of a newly-felled oak, awaiting their return. After some time, persons were heard approaching in loud conversation, and suddenly Pincher Martin, now quite near, though concealed by the underwood, shouted out—

"Holla! by gad, the fellow's making pretty work here. I won't stand this!"—he had scarcely finished the speech, when he stood in presence of the party. The candidate accompanied him, but before he saluted Colonel Blake, or introduced his friend, Pincher continued—"Cutting timber, sir; by gad! I don't well know that that's exactly correct, sir. It's playing the very devil with the place, and if such work is permitted to continue, the property won't be worth the mortgage."

"May I inquire to what cause I am indebted for the honour of this visit, sir?" said the Colonel, rising from his seat, with crushing dignity.

"I'm come, sir—I'm come—but really, this is too bad"—(looking around him)—"I'm come, as I told Mr. Blake last night, to ask your support for my friend, Mr. Blatherwell, at the approaching election."

"My support, sir, is already promised——"

"Promised!" repeated Pincher. "Then, sir, I'm sorry for it, on your own account; for if you don't give my cousin your votes, you must be ready to give me my money; and, in the meantime, I tell you plainly, that I'll have no more trees cut; and I warn you publicly—(the labourers had now entered)—not to lay a finger on one more of them, or I'll make it a dear job to you, or any other person, who executes your orders."

Mike would have felled him to the earth; the men crowded round, ready to pitch him into the river, but the Colonel interposed—

"You will please to leave my demesne forthwith, sir," he said, addressing Pincher with his usual serenity of manner. "If you have any power to enforce your threats, you may do so; but until you satisfy me of your authority to interfere, I have not the least notion of allowing you to dictate to me what I shall do with my own property." Then, taking Kate on his arm, after giving strict injunctions that no violence should be

offered to the intruders, he walked towards the house. There, new mortifications awaited them. Pincher's carriage had been sent to the yard, that the horses might be fed, and the ladies of his party were scattered over the Castle; he and Kate, as they approached, could hear them running from the sleeping apartments towards the drawing-room, which they were barely enabled to reach before the Colonel entered. It may easily be supposed that neither the master of the mansion, nor his niece, were in humour to receive visitors, and least of all, those who now presented themselves; however, Kate's imperturbable good nature, and her uncle's high-bred politeness, rendered their salutations courteous, although their manner was cold.

"Mrs. Pincher Martin, the Misses Blatherwell," said Kate, introducing them.

"What a very pretty place this is," *naturally* remarked the elder Miss Blatherwell, looking from the window.

"It would be very nice, indeed, if some alterations were made, and the house newly done up," responded her sister.

"Have you many sick persons in the neighbourhood?" inquired the elder of Kate, while Mrs. Pincher Martin engaged the Colonel's attention by some very common-place conversation.

"None—none, at least, that I am aware of."

"Surely, surely," rejoined Miss Blatherwell, "there could be none without your knowledge, Miss Bingham; I consider it the first duty of every young lady to look after the sick poor."

"In that opinion I fully coincide, Miss Blatherwell; but my uncle pays a doctor for attending the indigent tenantry, and authorises him to administer whatever medical assistance they may require; if they need clothing or diet, they have but to apply to me."

"That," said Anna Maria, "is a very expensive way of doing charity."

"Very, indeed," echoed her sister, "Miss Blatherwell"—(every one in the judge's establishment was required to address the eldest young lady thus formally). "Miss Blatherwell," continued the latter, "has a very nice dispensary; and, although Pa is so rich, we all consider it a duty to save expense when we can, and certainly"—(with a supercilious air)—"if our estate owed money, we should think economy still more obligatory."

A pause in the conversation enabled Colonel Blake to catch the concluding remarks, and to notice the expression of the speaker's face.

"Yes, certainly," chimed in the elder, "when people have the misfortune to owe money, they should avoid all unnecessary outlay; for, as mamma says, 'every mickle makes a muckle;' and, Miss Bingham, if you allow me to order you a chest from Pilkington and Co.'s, I shall have great pleasure in driving over occasionally, while I remain at Castlemore, to teach you how to dispense." (To her sister)—"I don't think the judge would object to my coming for such a purpose. Do you, sweetest?"

"I think not; he always wishes us to do good, no matter at what inconvenience."

And then, you know," continued Miss Blatherwell, in a voice some-

what subdued, yet quite audible to the entire company, "then, you know, Miss Bingham, you could assist your uncle, by saving the doctor's salary, an important matter to a person circumstanced as he is—even a small saving of that kind might sometimes keep the sheriff from the door."

Kate blushed to the roots of her hair—the Colonel grew uneasy, but Miss Blatherwell went on, she had mounted her hobby, and should have a canter, no matter what the consequence. After coming out "gay," under the chaperonage of a rich retired tradesman's wife, the relative of her maternal grandfather, Anna Maria easily abandoned what she termed a dissipated, when she found it to be an unprofitable description of life. As her father prospered at his profession, and she advanced in years, she became first "decidedly serious," in the hope of catching a parson—and then Blue, to captivate a fellow of college—when both dodges had signally failed, she took to charity, and medicine, (two strings to her bow), if she could not secure a husband by the practise of the divine virtue, she might possibly accomplish her object through the instrumentality of the healing art. Anna Maria was now turned of thirty-five, an age at which even a presentable M.D. is not unacceptable.

"But, dear me," she cried, addressing Mrs. Pincher Martin, whilst walking towards the opened window, "what can keep Theobald Frederick and Tom so long?"

At the same moment, the carriage drove to the door. Pincher, from without, having whistled to attract attention, desired them all to come down directly, and Miss Blatherwell scampered playfully away, followed by the others. Colonel Blake and Kate could overhear the gentlemen telling the ladies all that had occurred before they entered the carriage, and the concluding remark of Anna Maria, "I would teach such proud beggars better manners," was distinctly audible.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Mike," said the Colonel, as they sat together after dinner, that same day, "Some decisive step must be taken—I'm now fairly driven to the wall—the fact is, I would sooner sell the estate, than lead the life I do, subject to the impertinence and insult of every upstart fellow, who may have the power to annoy me."

Mike started on the chair, and looked incredulously at his companion, as he alluded to the sale of his property—the probability of such an event having never before occurred to his mind.

"Maurice, Maurice," he answered, "you couldn't think of such a thing. Sell the estate, and not leave a drop of the Blake's blood in Dunseverick Castle; why, your ancestors would rise from their graves to haunt you," and his eyes filled with tears.

"Heaven knows what bitter anguish such a step will cost me; I did

not know myself, until I formed my determination, what a pang it would inflict—but what can I do? If I don't sell, it will be sold for me."

"The estate is good security for three times what it owes, and it will be easy to borrow the money, and pay Pincher off," rejoined Mike.

"And transfer me to another, and, perhaps, more exacting master; by selling, I shall at least be independent; the surplus will be my own. It is a sorrowful thing, no doubt, to see an old and honoured family uprooted—and if extravagance or dissipation had led to my embarrassments, I should feel the blow with double force; but I can lay my hand on my heart, and honestly declare, that law—law, in which I was involved, from no fault of my own, is the sole cause of my misfortunes."

"Yes, yes, interrupted Mike, that infernal Clipper, and that unlucky Pepper, and that d——d expensive humbug, they call equity."

"On the day"—continued the Colonel, unmiadful of the interruption, his lips quivering with emotion—"on the day that I am driven forth by law from the home of my fathers, I can at least raise my eyes, without shame, to their portraits, as I remove them from their desecrated halls, and truly say, the fault is not mine."

"Maurice," again interrupted Mike, "I can't stand this, I cannot bear to see you so. I sold my own estate, but what of that. It was but a branch of the old tree, an offset from the parent trunk. Would to heaven I had it to sell now, that I might relieve you; I never felt the full extent of my misconduct—I never regretted the past—until I saw you in trouble—I am but a single man, what matter what becomes of me? but to see you, the head of my house, and that sweet, sweet child, that should inherit after you."

"Aye," said the Colonel, "that it is which lies heaviest on my heart. My neglect, or, at least, my attorney's, for which I am morally responsible, has robbed her, and it is to guard against the possibility of further professional plunder, and principally to protect her interests, that I have determined to sell, and so secure a certainty, which no law can deprive her of. What else can I do? I have borne, insult, degradation, imprisonment; and no effort that I can make, short of selling, seems likely to arrest their repetition; my only course is to realize, while yet within my power, a competence for Kate, and then to retire from this world—and endeavour to make suitable preparation for a better."

"Come, come, Maurice," said Mike, "no more of this despondency. You will laugh at all this yet. Don't you do anything until I try my hand, and see if I can procure the money from some proper person."

Here Kate's smiling face appeared at the window, she tapped, and joyously asked the gentlemen to accompany her in a walk.

"Heaven bless you, my sweet and warm-hearted girl," muttered the Colonel, as he rose from his seat to comply with her request.

Mr. Pincher Martin lost no time in carrying his threats into execution. Before a week elapsed, a formal demand was made for the amount of the mortgage, accompanied by a notification, that if the money remained unpaid, after ten days, he should proceed by bill of foreclosure. Mike,

who had now become quite a man of business, at once proceeded to Dublin, and by the next post, after his arrival, transmitted the cheering intelligence, that Pepper assured him, "there could be no difficulty in getting the sum required; in fact, he had no doubt that he could have it that very evening, had he only the time to call upon the proper parties."

"Mr. Pepper, it may be remarked, never felt a difficulty about anything he undertook, although it, unfortunately for his clients, almost invariably turned out, that his expectations were not realized. Mike dined with him, and passed a merry night, for he anticipated the joy which his letter would diffuse amongst his friends at Dunseverick. Next morning he waited on Pepper, by appointment. Some of the persons they called upon were from home, and others so occupied that they could not receive them, and so that day passed; and on the succeeding one, the disappointments were repeated. At length, Mr. Pepper wrote to a friend in the country, (his trump card,) and was informed, as quickly as a communication could reach him in return, "that the security proposed was acceptable, and the sum required at his disposal."

"There," said Pepper, throwing the letter to Mike, "that's what I call a regular off-hand, honest fellow. Now, all that remains to be done is to stop proceedings, and draw up the deeds—there are but four of the ten days unexpired. Let's go to Sharp's office, and shew him that we require no more than time to prepare our papers. A great rascal he is, no doubt, but he will scarcely venture to do anything under such circumstances."

Mr. Sharp, however, soon undeceived them; "his instructions were peremptory, and he must obey them; if the money were not paid within the specified time, the bill should be filed."

"No making a hand of the sanctimonious scoundrel," said Pepper, as they walked away. "It's not possible to have deeds prepared so quickly; and if the bill be filed, the expenses will be heavy. You must at once start for home, call upon the Judge, he is Pincher's master, and is just now staying with him. Take this letter—he knows the writer, and will see that the money is forthcoming—ask his interference as a favour; be sweet upon the old humbug, and you might lead him to infer"—(with a wink)—"that although the Dunseverick interest is against him this time, it may be for him the next. He is a soapy fellow, and if you lay on thick, you may possibly save both the expense and exposure."

Mike rose cheery as a lark, on the morning after his arrival at the Castle, and communicated his vivacity to the friends, who sorely missed his hearty good-natured laugh, during his absence. His horse was ordered, and after an early breakfast, he set out, without acquainting any one with his destination or purpose, to call upon Judge Blatherwell. Being of a sanguine temperament, Mike, when he desired success, always set success down as certain; and, not doubting the felicitous issue of his present undertaking, he hummed snatches of hunting songs, as he trotted smartly towards Castlemore. The Judge received him in the library, seated in an arm-chair, and enveloped in a rich but sombre-colored dressing-gown, he continued attentively perusing a small-sized Bible, which he held in his

hand, uninterrupted by the entrance of the servant, until Mr. Blake's name was announced, then he raised his eyes, smiled benignly, bowed graciously, and requested his visitor to sit down. Having performed all that politeness demanded, he laid the open book on the table, so that its sacred character might be easily recognised; cautiously removed the blue ribbon marker to the page which he had been reading; then closed and grasped his treasure, as though he dreaded its abduction, and raised his eyes to the ceiling as he clasped it to his breast. Again he smiled blandly, bowed even more graciously than before, and then remained silent. It happened to be the hour (after the morning meal, and before the commencement of his diurnal duties,) which the worthy Judge devoted to private meditation, and the precise time when he wished to see and be seen; because he was then always well made up for the part he assumed, and prepared to enact the character of a devoted Christian to perfection.

Pincher, who was in the room, continued writing at another table, and did not appear to notice anything passing around him. Mike was charmed with his reception; and as he looked on the placid, benevolent countenance of the Judge, he regarded his object as almost accomplished. And then, how fortunate, to find the person at whose hands he sought a favour, actually pondering over the sacred volume which inculcated brotherly-love and Christian forbearance. Had his knowledge of physiognomy been more profound, he might have marked the unrelenting expression of the clear, cold, blue eye, and the smile of suppressed triumph which sat upon the sneering lip, but partially concealed by the cat-like gentleness with which the vindictive man contemplated the victim, now fairly within his clutches.

After some desultory remarks, the envoy entered on the subject of his mission, without the slightest embarrassment.

"Colonel Blake, being as you are aware, in delicate health, and unable to call upon you, Judge Blatherwell, has deputed me to speak to you, concerning the mortgage, held by Mr. Pincher Martin, on the Dunseverick estates."—(The Baron bowed.) "He is much surprised to find that such decisive steps are about to be taken; and hopes that you, as the uncle and trustee of Mr. Martin, will kindly exert your influence to procure a short delay in the proceedings. I should have felt a difficulty in addressing myself to Mr. Martin, on account of some unfortunate circumstances, which have recently occurred, in which, I am willing to admit, I may have been to blame, and for which I am prepared to make a suitable apology"—(he turned to where Pincher sat, to see the effect produced by such unconditional submission, he caught the full expression of his face, and was startled by its malignity).

The Judge hemmed, and was proceeding to reply, when Mike interrupted him.

"I beg to say, that all we require is a delay sufficient to enable us to have the deeds reassigning the mortgage drawn up, for the money is ready."

"If that were all," said the Judge, with the most charming blandness,



"I am sure Mr. Martin would not hesitate to agree to your request; and certainly, I should advise him to grant it. But then, Mr. Blake, money is always *said* to be ready on such occasions, until the moment it is required, and then, any one acquainted with such matters, knows how frequent the disappointments are, and how futile are the expectations of those who make the most confident promises. I beg you to believe that I don't allude to this particular instance, for what you say may turn out to be quite correct. I merely refer to what I have so often witnessed in professional transactions, in which I have been myself concerned."

Mike handed him the letter of Pepper's friend, remarking at the same time, with a triumphant smile, "that he believed that would set his suspicions at rest."

The Judge read it with attention, and then handed it to Pincher, whose impatience to learn its contents had induced him to walk across the room to where they sat.

"That certainly does look like the thing. There can be no doubt of that gentleman's ability to grant the advance, if he be inclined to do so."

There was a pause, during which Pincher bit his nails violently, as he glared over the letter—

"Well, Tom, what do you think?"

"That I owe no compliments, and that I'll pay none," was the determined reply. The Judge bowed to Mike, as much as to say, "You see I've done everything possible, but my exertions are fruitless."

"If your proceedings were retarded by the short delay I require," urged Mike, "I should not expect a compliance with my request; but your cause will not be forwarded by taking hostile steps before the day I name, while, by doing so, you will heap heavy expense, and unnecessary exposure on a gentleman in declining health, and already suffering much from mental anxiety."

"By Colonel Blake's opposition," rejoined Pincher, "my cousin may lose his election, and that, I suppose, would entail some loss, and some mortification, too. People who don't grant favours can't expect them."

"Colonel Blake, it appears, was already pledged before you applied to him."

"But he knew very well that my cousin would stand, and that he himself was in my power; and if he felt no gratitude for past favours, he ought to have had a just fear of future consequences. If he's a fool, and acts contrary to his own interests, I can't help him."

Mike struggled to restrain his rage; he thought of Kate, and remained silent.

"Besides," continued Pincher, "if he wished to do what's right, he could easily give the 'go-by' to his promise. There's many a way of killing a dog besides hanging him."

"Colonel Blake," said Mike, proudly, "never violated a promise, and never will."

"Tom," interposed the Judge, (who remained silent while he thought any arrangement might be come to, which would secure the Dunseverick

interest,) "I really wish you would not introduce my son's election, nor connect it any way with the 'pecuniary transactions between yourself and Colonel Blake."

"But," said Mike, "it is possible that if a compliment were paid now, it might be reciprocated on some future occasion;" he kept his eyes fixed on the ground as he adopted the attorney's advice in his last extremity.

"All I can and will do is this," rejoined Pincher, "if the tenantry get 'the hard word,' and are privately encouraged to vote for Mr. Blatherwell, (it may be done under the rose, and appear to be clean against the wishes of the landlord,) I will not allow the subpoena to be issued, which may prevent exposure; but filed the bill must be on the day appointed."

The Judge looked at his watch. "Dear me, dear me—how time passes. I'm sorry I can't serve Colonel Blake;" and Mike, taking the hint, retired. When outside the door, he recollected having left Pepper's friend's letter behind him, and returned to seek it. The uncle and nephew were standing together, laughing heartily. All the Judge's dignity had disappeared; his blandness had vanished, and his face bore the expression of a cunning knave, who had just succeeded in out-witting some silly adversary. Mike was at once undeceived; he walked directly towards the table where the letter lay, picked it up, and left the room, without making a remark or addressing himself in any way to the persons whose hilarity he had so unexpectedly disturbed.

"You shan't be long in the rascal's power," concluded Mike, after detailing the particulars of his interview to the Colonel; "he may file his bill, and put you to expense, but you'll be out of his hands before he can do any great damage; I'll write to Pepper this moment. He had, however, but just commenced his epistle when that gentleman rode to the door.

"Came down last night as conducting agent for Lord Brackla; just ran over to know what you did with old Blatherwell; haven't a moment to spare though, for there's not an individual poll-book ready yet, and the election commences the day after to-morrow. How do you do, Colonel Blake," (as he entered the library, followed by Mike, to whom he had communicated the information narrated, while crossing the hall.)

"Hope you're not uneasy, sir; don't bestow a thought on the business. The money's as sure as if you had it in your pocket, and, I flatter myself, you'd rather see me here to put master Theobald Frederick out of the county, even though my absence from town may delay your business somewhat, and even put you to a trifle more expense; 'Pro patria' is my motto always. As to profit in this matter it's very doubtful."

"This is the fourth election I have conducted for his lordship, and the colour of his money, on my solemn conscience, I never yet saw. No doubt, there's a mortgage standing apposite every contest, but I'm greatly afraid they're of little use. To be sure, Lord Brackla's a man of good interest, and, if the old earl were dead, and the title and estate his, he might serve a person some how or other, and wash out the debt by getting one some snug appointment. It's the only chance, I think of my ever touching anything; indeed, I must say, his lordship has done as much



as he could already. My son, little Jemmy, is a lieutenant,\* you know, since he was six months old, and the pay, such as it is, helped to keep him, and bind him to his profession; and, I'm happy to tell you, sir, he's going on uncommon steady, and will be able to take my place, and do my business, when it pleases Providence to call me to a better world. He's a plucky little d—l, Colonel—quite a comfort to me, in that respect. I brought him down special 'to enter him' at this election, and I intend to pit him at once against Fireaway Kelly. I'll clap him into the same booth, and the old bully will find him a tough bit, I'll be bound. Indeed, the principal business I have here to-day is to request Master Mike to look after him, when I'm occupied elsewhere, (you know, I must be generally before the Sheriff); he wants nothing on earth but a friend at his elbow; he has his own 'tools,' and, by my soul, between you and me, Colonel, right well he knows how to use them. They say," rattled on Mr. Pepper, "it's to be the wickedest election we had these twenty years; for, though neither Blatherwell, nor anyone belonging to him will fight, there are some stout fellows who owe him money, and the report goes, that the interest is to be reduced, and the time of payment extended, for any of them that do the handsome. I'm told Tom Bodkin's rate is to be two, instead of six per cent., if he pinks me. A great matter, you know, to put the conducting agent out of the way—more important sometimes, than the candidate. But I never flinched from performing my duty conscientiously towards my employer, and I never will, please G—d, though, as I said before, my emolument in the present case is only in very thin perspective. If a man does 'hop the twig,' under such circumstances, it is a gratification to himself and a satisfaction to his family to know that he has not betrayed the trust reposed in him, nor allowed any personal consideration to interfere with the discharge of what may justly be termed the highest, most gentlemanly, and intellectual branch of his professional duty. We'll have up-hill work, master Mike, you may depend on it; for every exertion will be made to keep off our best men. There are, at least, five executions to my own knowledge, against Captain Jack, who can't on that account come into town to do "principal," but he'll be always ready to do the "friend" in the quiet places, where business is to be transacted."

Although there were no poll-books prepared, and he had not a moment to spare on his arrival, Mr. Pepper dallied with time until dinner hour arrived; and then explained what his tactics were to be at the impending election over his wine; after disposing of three bottles of old claret, bestowing a considerable quantity of personal abuse upon Pincher; and, devoting some few minutes to the administration of advice, and comfort to his client, he mounted his horse at eleven o'clock, and rode to headquarters, where all his clerks and subordinates remained unemployed and idle during his absence.

Colonel Blake's blood was up. The outrageous conduct of Pincher had so excited him, that he determined to leave no stone unturned to secure

\* It was a common practice at that time to confer commissions on children.

the overthrow of his persecutor's relation. He appeared at the hustings, to shew that no threats could intimidate him; and proposed Lord Brachla, in a concise but cutting speech. There were three candidates, and a strict coalition having been formed between two, Blatherwell, obliged to fight single-handed, was defeated. The contest lasted for a month; and nothing that money could accomplish had been left undone to secure the beaten candidate's success. His opponents might well exclaim "*væ victoribus*," for their credit (cash they had none,) was shattered to such an extent, that "their backs were said to be broken;" and it was confidently predicted that neither of them would be able to shew again at any future election.

Pincher had Colonel Blake served in public court, and in the most public manner, with a subpoena, calling on him to answer the bill filed for the foreclosure of the mortgage and sale of the estate; and a subsequent notice, which was forwarded to his solicitor, apprised him, that an application would be made to the Court, for a receiver in the cause. Mr. Pepper still remained in the country; and Mr. Sharp was actually nominated to the office, before Colonel Blake became aware, that the proceedings could be completed.

Ireland again exhibited strong symptoms of disaffection; and some discoveries accidentally made by the Government disclosed the alarming fact, that a wide-spread conspiracy was still in existence; and that another attempt to sever the connection between the two countries, by force of arms, would certainly be made, at no distant period. The difficulty of suppressing the first partial insurrection was remembered; public confidence received a severe shock—the funds fell—and when Mr. Pepper *did* return to his office, and thought of attending to Colonel Blake's affairs, the person who had promised the money declined to advance a shilling on landed security, no matter what its extent, in the present agitated and unsettled state of the country. Here was a crushing disappointment for the Colonel, who now found himself completely at the mercy of his inveterate enemy. The suit was pressed on with indefatigable energy. Pepper warned Mike, that the Castle and demesne must soon be let under the Courts; and that, in spite of his utmost exertions, the decree for a sale must soon be pronounced. Land had now so fallen in value, in consequence of the discovery, that the united Irish conspiracy was still in full vigour, that it was probable Pincher would find no competitor, and that the estate might fall into his hands for the amount of the mortgage—less than one-fifth of its former estimated price.

The family were seated at breakfast, some days after; Kate took up the newspaper to read, as usual, to her uncle, when her eye rested, and remained rivetted on an advertisement. She continued silent, and when the Colonel snatched the paper from her hand, he saw a notification, drawn up in legal phraseology, announcing "that the Castle and demesne lands of Dunseverick, now in the defendant's possession, would be let by public auction, on the 20th instant, to the highest and best bidder, for the term of seven years, or pending the cause." Then followed the elaborate description of the house and grounds, and a long panegyric on the internal accommodation, scenic beauties of place; and referring persons anxious to become tenants, for

further particulars, to Jeremy Sharp, Esq., the receiver, or to the plaintiff's solicitor." The paper fell from the Colonel's hands, and after Kate had been assisted from the room by Mrs. Bolingbroke, he and Mike sat looking at each other in mute astonishment.

As usually happened, Mr. Pepper communicated the unwelcome intelligence to his client, in a day or two, after he and the whole world had become acquainted with it, through the medium of the public press. The worthy attorney, however, generally threw a spice of comfort into his letters; he had always, what he considered a satisfactory explanation, to offer for every failure, and a step to recommend, which would deprive every new misfortune of its sting; in the present emergency, he suggested that Mike should bid for, and become tenant to the lands, (the law then forbidding the inheritor to retain possession of his home, even in that humble capacity.) "No person," he said, "would offer against him—the rent would be merely nominal—and so the family might hold on, until times got better, and money became more abundant in the market. There would not," he added, "be any necessity for Mike's personal appearance, as he should himself attend the letting, and act in his behalf."

That the only hope of retaining possession of his house, depended on being able to secure, as a tenant—what he before enjoyed as an owner—was a cruel mortification to a man of Colonel Blake's naturally proud temper; and still more humiliating would it be, to live upon his own estate, amongst his own people, and be deprived of all control over its management, or their conduct; but his spirit was so broken, that he grasped with avidity at the proposition, and felt more anxiety about the result of the letting, than he had before experienced, in regard to the anticipated final alienation of his entire property. When the day arrived, and as the hour appointed for the letting approached, he conjured up the appearance which the master's office presented, and pictured to his mind's eye, the pettyfogging malignity of Pincher—the coarse remarks, the jibing sneers, and matter-of-fact callousness of the opposing solicitor—the ravening desire of some greedy land-shark, to obtain the place a bargain—the anxiety of Pepper—the commiseration felt by some, perhaps expressed by others, of the by-standers, at his own unmerited and unexpected reverse of fortune. The bidding—the competition—the final decision. He sat, watch in hand, from the time the proceedings were to commence, until an hour had elapsed, and then the observation involuntarily stole from his lips, "Now, perhaps, I may be a homeless outcast!"

The next day saw the Colonel more composed, but the following morning found him early at the gate-house, and anxiously watching the road by which the post-boy must approach. At length the lad appeared, urging the jaded mule on which he was mounted to its utmost speed. His master advanced—impatience to learn his fate impelled him on—but when the boy, flinging himself from the saddle, presented the bag, supposed to contain the result of the letting, the poor gentleman could scarcely muster resolution to undo the lock. At length he made the effort, and investigated the contents with bated breath; there was no communication from Pepper. As

he stood, almost relieved by the omission, Mike emerged from the adjoining wood ; his haggard appearance bore ample testimony to the sufferings of his mind. He, too, took comfort from the attorney's silence. "If anything unfortunate had happened, surely he would have apprised them of it."

Two more days elapsed, and still no information reached them. Then Colonel Blake wrote, to express his astonishment and demand an explanation ; but he received no reply ; at length, the post-boy told Mike, privately, "that he had heard in town that the masher was beat, and the place let to Mr. Pincher." The rumour was soon confirmed by direct information received from Mr. Pepper—"he lamented the result, but assured his client that he had bid up to the highest penny he thought the place worth, and only desisted when he found Pincher determined to have it, no matter at what cost ; and under such circumstances, he considered it might be injudicious to irritate him by further opposition."

But a short time had elapsed after Johnson's trial when Pincher Martin became subject to annoyance from another quarter. Mr. Brown, his wife's half brother, who had never been noticed by his new connections, took an opportunity of informing him that he had in his possession attested copies in her own hand writing of the letters, which, by his mother's directions he had delivered to himself and uncle at the time of his marriage ; he promised to surrender them, from fraternal affection, were he only handsomely dealt by, and intimated that, pending the negotiation a loan of five hundred pounds would much oblige him. On the discovery of the new danger, Judge Blatherwell, who was consulted, arrived at the conclusion that a disclosure of Brown's secret might be most prejudicial to Pincher's interests ; he therefore suggested that the required sum should be advanced as a friendly accommodation, and without any reference whatever to the documents proposed to be given up, judiciously supposing that the best method to render them valueless in the eyes of the holder, would be to appear to set no importance on their possession ; while, by lending such a sum upon his bond as Brown might be unable to repay, Pincher would have the game in his own hands ; should his brother-in-law become too exacting, he might arrest him for the debt, and any subsequent publication of the papers would be attributed to revenge, when it could be shewn that they were only brought to light to injure a benefactor, who dared to withhold from threats, favours which he had already proved himself but too willing to grant from motives of kindness. Brown remained quiet so long as the money he received lasted, then his importunities were renewed, his necessities being occasionally, though not liberally, relieved. As time wore on, and he became more confident of his position, Pincher's compliance with his requirements became more and more rare. When Dunseverick Castle was to be let, Brown's entreaties had changed to menaces, and he openly declared his intention of seeking Colonel Blake, and acquainting him with everything he knew. The threat produced an immediate supply, and an arrangement for the purchase of the letters, but it was an additional motive for Pincher's antipathy to Colonel Blake, and a further incentive to get him out of the country by any means, and at any cost.

The Irish government professed to feel great alarm before the landing of the French under Humber, and instructed all magistrates to exert themselves sedulously in seeking for such arms as might before have escaped detection. Pincher Martin became one of the most active of their supporters, and one of the most trusted of their agents. He kept a strict surveillance over the sayings and doings of the gentlemen in his neighbourhood, and constantly harassed the people by domiciliary visits—for the purpose of annoyance, and also with the intention of seizing that opportunity to dislodge the Colonel, he came to Dunseverick, accompanied by a military escort. His approach being noticed by the peasantry, who suspected that he intended to arrest Master Mike, they followed him in crowds, determined to resist. He demanded admission in a formal and overbearing manner, and proceeded to ransack the Castle without offering the slightest apology or explanation of his conduct. When every other room had been visited he entered the drawing-room, where the Colonel and Mike had remained with the ladies, and abruptly demanded "when they meant to turn out—he was paying rent for the place, and could not allow them to remain more than ten days longer—by that time they must be off." This announcement was a great shock to Kate; for, although she learned from the newspapers that the place was to be let, and might ultimately be sold, she had not as yet been informed of the result of the subsequent letting, and was now for the first time made acquainted with the necessity of at once quitting a home which seemed to grow more dear to her uncle, as the probability of his being obliged to abandon it became more apparent. Preparations were made for the sale, and now the ruthless hammer must descend, scattering in a few hours the household treasures acquired during a life—perhaps the ancestral relics of ages. What dismal feelings are conjured up by the mere announcement of an auction—it proclaims the removal from amongst us, by death or misfortune, of, it may be, the companion of our youth, or the prized friend of maturer years; how the heart aches as each familiar object is knocked down, amidst the jeering wit of the purchasers, and the practised repartee of the auctioneer—and then, when all is over, and the thoughtless crowd dispersed, the naked and deserted rooms, once the abode of hospitality and refinement, perhaps the sanctuary of genius, stand in their nakedness, fitting emblems of the ruin wrought by the stern hand of death, by disappointed hopes, or senseless improvidence.

The Widow Murray was a particular favourite amongst those to whom Miss Bingham's charities and kindness were extended. This poor woman had lost her husband, and been left the sole support of five orphans, the eldest a confirmed idiot. The unhappy boy, as he grew up, evinced a taciturn and gloomy disposition; never mixed with other children in their play, and rarely spoke. Kate made many attempts to obtain an influence over his weak intellect, but all her attentions seemed to pass unheeded—he gazed steadfastly as she spoke to him, sometimes smiled, but rarely broke his accustomed silence. Although Miss Bingham's time was now fully occupied in making preparations for their departure, or in supporting

the depressed spirits of her uncle, still her humble friends, who crowded to testify their feelings in the hour of her adversity, were freely admitted to her presence, and foremost amongst them came Mrs. Murray, with her son, "Roddy the Idiot." After she had made her "wail," and cried over the altered fortunes of her benefactress, she took a pride in telling "her young mistress" that the whole country was in the deepest grief on account of all that happened, and "that even her own 'poor Natural,' who hadn't sense enough 'to cry' his own father, God help him, was sorely fretted about *her* troubles. The other children couldn't sleep from his moanings the whole night long, and his pillow was as wet in the morning as if he drew it through the river. Only the other evening," she continued, "the boys were talking about the family's going to leave, when Phelim Darcy said it was a burning shame to see the Colonel put from house and home, without striking a blow in his defence; and he 'took his sowl,' that if he had only a few stout hearts to help him, he'd burn Pincher in his own sty—poor Roddy jumped out of the corner where he was sitting, threw his arms about Darcy's neck, and kissed him. Ever since then, I declare, he does nothing but sharpen an old hatchet, to kill Pincher, the villain, and he wouldn't be easy until I brought him up to shew it to your honour." The idiots face brightened as his mother described his feelings, and when she concluded he drew the hatchet from under his coat, laughed loudly, replaced it again, and then ran from the house.

It so happened that, while returning from Dunseverick on the last day of the auction, after all was sold, Pincher Martin had some time to spare, which, he thought, could not be better employed than in making one of his accustomed forays. Being, as usual, accompanied by an escort, he took a line of country which had not been before visited, and while searching the house of a small farmer, his followers discovered a leather portmanteau of the most costly description. The man in whose possession it was found declared most artlessly, and without hesitation, "that it belonged to a Mr. Edwards who had lodged with him; that this gentleman left suddenly, and had not since returned; that all his rent being paid, he did not consider himself justified in opening it; and that he had kept it safe, in the expectation that the owner would come some time or other to claim it." The Royalists were well aware that Lord Edward had assumed the name of Edwards, and been concealed somewhere in this neighbourhood; but although many searches had been made, his place of refuge could never before be discovered, and Pincher rejoiced at the prize so unexpectedly fallen into his hands. On the lock being forced the first thing that met his eye was a letter addressed to Lloyd Pennant. Many others were found concealed amongst the wearing apparel, which he hoped might enable the government to discover the ramifications of the united Irish conspiracy, and the names of its chief promoters. What a fortunate thing for him was so important a service!—"it merited a baronetcy," which he determined to claim. While reading the letter directed to Pennant, Pincher was at once terror-stricken at its contents, and delighted that so important a document had so happily fallen into his own possession. It was the confession of James



Bradly, which he said when dying would be found in his pocket. The unfortunate man had dropped it at the Abbey, on the night of his interview with Colonel Blake, and Lord Edward, who had picked it up there, had either forgotten or been unable to forward it, (as had been agreed upon) to Mrs. O'Mahony. Pincher, merely remarking that the letter might have some political importance, ordered Sharp and the yeomanry officer who were with him, to certify, with their hands and seals on the cover, that it was found in a portmanteau belonging to the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald. This proved a happy day for Pincher; in the morning before setting out he had concluded his arrangements with Brown, and actually got possession of the long-desired letters; in addition he now held the only other document which could support the claims of a rival. From the moment he read the confession, he conceived the bold idea of utilizing its cover; he resolved, as a matter of course, to keep the enclosure, and determined to substitute in its stead a fabricated letter purporting to come from Lord Edward, the tenor of which would clearly establish a connection between himself and Pennant, and serve to implicate the latter in the treasonable conspiracy. Being an adept in the art of imitating the writing of others, he soon succeeded in penning a short note, corresponding in style with the address on the certified cover; this he carefully intermixed with occasional words in Lord Edward's usual hand, of which he acquired a knowledge from statistic reports found in the portmanteau; it would thus be supposed that the writer, while attempting to disguise his hand, had occasionally forgotten his intention. On his arrival at home, Pincher occupied himself in overhauling the contents of the portmanteau, and in drawing up an account of his day's proceedings, which he determined to forward at once to the Viceroy, lest his important information should be anticipated by others; and when, after sending two dragoons to meet the Dublin Mail with a despatch, "on his Majesty's service," he felt overcome by excitement and fatigue, and betook himself to rest; he first carefully deposited his priceless papers on a table close by his bedside.

The auction was over, and the family assembled, on the eve of their departure, in the library, where a part of the furniture still remained; it might, perhaps, be the last night they should ever spend together under shelter of the old roof, and those only who have suffered the bitterness of such a situation, can estimate the mental anguish which they endured; the door opened softly, and "Roddy the Idiot" peered cautiously in; but he quickly withdrew, on perceiving that he was noticed—returning again in a few minutes, he ran directly to Miss Bingham, and laid a small wicker cage, containing a sky-lark, at her feet; then smiled, as he used to do when greatly pleased, and retreated as rapidly as he had entered. Kate knew the bird, which Roddy had taken from the nest and reared himself; he was accustomed to carry it to some lonely bank, where he would lie for hours listening to its song. As he seemed more attached to his lark than any other living thing, she had often praised its notes, in the hope of winning his confidence, and now the poor fellow brought his only treasure as a parting gift. She was deeply moved by such a touching tribute of

affection, and raising the cage, placed it on her knee. The bird, as if proud of being noticed, clapped its wings, and carolled forth its merry notes; the idiot again peeped stealthily in—then gave a loud unearthly laugh, and fled at his utmost speed in the direction of his mother's cottage. The party sat in silence, indulging those melancholy feelings which this incident and their situation gave birth to. The shades of evening were closing around them—the lark had nestled on the small green sod which formed his bed—and Mike, to interrupt the current of their thoughts, was about proposing that they should retire to rest, when Phelim Darcy, who had returned home after Lord Edward's death, presented himself. He was a tall, athletic young man, of that Spanish cast of countenance so prevalent in the western counties; his complexion clear brown; his eyes dark blue, and deep set; his nose long and straight; his teeth white as ivory; and his jet black hair thick and curled; his neck was bare, and the opened shirt exposed to view a brawny, sunburnt chest; he stood before them, an incarnate personification of daring courage and unswerving fidelity.

"Colonel—Master Mike—and Miss Kate," said their visitor, "I'm come too, like the rest of the neighbours, to bid good-bye, and bless ye. I never broke your bread, and neither I or mine ever lived under you or yours, yet Heaven knows how I feel, and what I'd do if I had the power; but the blessings of the poor must prevail, and ye have them, one and all of ye; so I tell you to be of good cheer, for there's times coming when every honest man will get his own." Advancing to Miss Bingham and falling on his knee, he took her hand and kissed it, bowed respectfully to the Colonel and Mike, and then, after receiving their united thanks for his kind wishes, withdrew.

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## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Darcy left the Castle, at the close of this interview, he struck directly into the woods, and followed a pathway which led to a narrow part of the river, where the trunk of a tree thrown over two rudely constructed abutments, formed a rustic bridge for the accommodation of foot passengers. More than once he fancied that he heard a foot-fall close behind him, but on turning to ascertain if he were followed, no one could be seen. After crossing the bridge, Darcy felt for some object concealed in the grass; and then, after keeping along the river side for a considerable distance, he turned to the right, and made his way with difficulty through the dense underwood by which the ground was covered; the overhanging trees shut out the faint moonlight, and he soon paused for the purpose of ascertaining if he was proceeding in the right direction; a branch snapped close beside him, and a moment afterwards there was a rustling noise. Some one was on his track, yet he could see no object; the only break in the leafy canopy which covered him was where a cock lane intersected the wood, some distance in advance, and the streak of light which it admitted was his guide to the point he aimed at reaching. He knew not how to act, or



what to do; to strike might be fatal to a friend; to challenge might bring a spy upon him; he remained motionless. The deep silence which reigned around alarmed him; his heart beat as though it would knock his ribs out. The thought flashed across his heated imagination—"Could it be the fairies?" The fort lay not far off; he trembled like a frightened child, and unable to endure further suspense, gave a low, prolonged whistle, not loud enough to be heard at any considerable distance, but sufficiently so to be recognised by those who understood the signal, and might be near him; the silence remained unbroken—his challenge unanswered. Seized with a sudden panic, he then rushed headlong forward, and never stopped until he reached the lane, and stood clear of the overhanging trees; here he paused again, and again the rustling noise could be distinctly heard, slowly following in his wake; running hastily towards the fort, which flanked the other side of the lane, Darcy removed a stone and drew forth a musket from the rabbit hole which it concealed; then kneeling under the shade of a large hawthorn bush, he awaited the appearance of his pursuer. The rustling noise had ceased, yet no one came; the sweat rolled from his forehead—he muttered a prayer; there was a movement behind him; he sprang to his legs and levelled his piece.

"What the d—l are you about, Phelim?" cried the foremost of a group of armed men, who advanced towards where he stood.

"My curse on you, Mickey," said Darcy, lowering his musket; "was it you that give me such a fright? Why didn't you answer the signal? I don't like such thricks, and it's lucky for you that I didn't strike."

"I don't understand you," replied the other; "I gave you no fright."

"Did'n't you follow me through the wood?"

"No."

"Then you passed the bridge before I came up, and where war ye since?"

"We went to the dance-house, where Tim Daly staid, courting his sweetheart."

"And ye might have spared yerselves the trouble of that same walk," rejoined Daly, "for I'd be here in time if I never saw yer ugly faces; the moon's only full on the lane now, and we'll be where we want to be before she's down."

"Then," said Darcy, lowering his voice, "we're spied, or the good people have been doin' their will upon me;" and then he related all that had occurred. After a short consultation, the party, now consisting of seven persons, moved off towards the river, by a more circuitous but less difficult route than that which Darcy had taken, to reach the place of rendezvous. As they proceeded, they frequently looked back, to ascertain if they were dogged; but nothing occurred to excite their suspicions. They had now passed the bridge, and were about to turn an angle, which would shut it out from their view, when Darcy suddenly exclaimed—

"Mother of mercy! it's a large black dog that's following us; I saw him cross the bridge this moment." The men halted, looked in the direction he indicated, but could discern nothing.

"It's something not right," continued the affrighted leader.

"He could'nt cross running wather," whispered one of his companions. "Not through it," rejoined another. "Over it he can if there's a bridge." "God defend us," was uttered in chorus by all, as they took off their hats and crossed their foreheads, and then they set forward again at a rapid pace. As they passed from the open pathway, which they had followed for a considerable distance, into the skirts of a large wood; they paused and again reconnoitred, without discovering any cause for alarm. When they cleared the extensive plantation through which their route lay, they stood close in front of Pincher's mansion.

A portion of Castlemore was of very ancient date, but modern additions had been attached to the massive square tower, and the style of the whole structure had been modified, so as to resemble an Elizabethan manor-house rather than an ancient Irish stronghold. In front two stories only were shewn, while in the rear, where the remains of the original building sprang from a small lake side, and leaned against a steep ascent—there were four.

Darcy thrust his hand into some ivy clustered round the trunk of an enormous oak, and drawing forth a handkerchief, which he found there, whispered to his followers, "All's well; now, boys, off with your brogues, and rema'n quietly at the hall-door until I open it. No noise, for your lives—you know there's sodgers in the house—not a word when you come in; but let the first man hold by me and follow, and so on, one after another." Then leaving them he proceeded towards the side of the Castle, and raised a ladder which he found amongst the shrubs, to an open window. He paused for a moment, until the ladder stirred from above, then instantly mounting, he was received by a girl, who led him cautiously from the room. Darcy and his conductress had scarcely passed the door before another figure darted forward, sprang up the ladder, disappeared through the window, and followed closely on their steps. The leader of the party was conducted noiselessly along a corridor, which gave at one end on the first landing-place of the grand stair-case, leading from the hall to a spacious lobby, on one side of which was the bedchamber of Pincher. When they had gained this point, his guide stopped, a dim light was perceptible in the lobby above, from the large bay window, of which the curtains remained undrawn, and in the hall below, from the fanlight which topped the door, while the intermediate space, in which they stood, was dark as pitch.

"Now," whispered the girl, "you can't go astray; the bolt is off, and the key is in the lock—the sodgers are all drunk. When you come up, *his* room is on the right; he can't get away, for the back passage is stopped, and you needn't be afraid, for the powder is wet in his pistols. I'll watch on the back stairs for fear any one should come up that way; but Phelim, dear, don't kill him if you can help it."

Darcy gropped his way cautiously to the hall. As he laid his hands upon the key some one stumbled on the stairs. "O, murther! Nelly, you've destroyed us," he muttered; then waiting a short time, to ascertain if the accident had occasioned any alarm, and finding that no one stirred, he gently turned the key; his gang entered, and followed him in single files as they had been directed.

When the leader of the party reached the lobby, he stopped until his companions were beside him, then throwing himself with all his force against the bed-room door, and meeting no resistance, he tumbled head foremost on the floor; springing to his feet, he rushed towards the bed, and flung himself upon its occupant, who writhed and struggled to relieve himself. The decaying turf fire flickered, and by its light Darcy recognised the face of "Roddy the Idiot," as he gasped for breath under the pressure of his iron grasp. A candle being quickly lighted both rooms were diligently searched; Roddy's hatchet lay buried in the pillow, but Pincher was no where to be found,

"Hell seize the fool," cried the leader, "the villain has escaped. Hurry, my lads, every one take a coal, we'll burn the house at all events."

Fortunately for himself, Pincher had heard the noise, his slumbers not being tranquil, springing from his bed, he made for the back passage, communicating with that part of the house in which the soldiers were stationed; but the door leading to it from his dressing closet was fastened on the outside. Immediately retracing his steps, he reached the lobby, just as the hall-door opened to admit the conspirators. The bustle occasioned by their entrance, slight as it was, prevented them from hearing their intended victim as he descended the stairs, in the hope of escaping by the landing-place door. It, too, was closed, and before he could find the handle, to ascertain if it were bolted, the men commenced ascending from the hall. Pincher's only chance of safety then lay in remaining quiet. He stood as closely drawn up as possible in the angle formed by the walls—the balustrade creaked under the pressure of the assassins' grasp—and the stairs sprung under their feet as they approached him—their hands almost touched his body, and the breath from their nostrils fell upon his cheeks as they passed.

Taking advantage of the noise occasioned by the rush into his room, Pincher quickly opened the door, and fled along the corridor towards that end where Nelly stood watching. Striking against her in the dark, he wheeled suddenly back, supposing that his enemies were there before him; then turning into the first open door, and perceiving from the wind which blew freshly upon him, that the window was raised; he made for it, intending to jump out, but his hand lighted on the ladder top, he descended in safety, and dreading to approach the house for fear of being intercepted before he could obtain assistance, he ran into the shrubbery and gained the cover of the woods.

Roddy the Idiot's anxiety to have "the first blow," saved Pincher's life, for he it was who followed Darcy so pertinaciously, and whose fall so seasonably aroused the master of the mansion from his uneasy sleep. "The natural" had overheard the conspirators planning the murder, and with the cunning often evinced by unfortunates of his kind, he determined to dog the footsteps of the leader, as the surest method of arriving in time to participate in the glory of the action.

Darcy and his party having set fire to all the upper rooms which gave upon the corridor, got clear of the house with the least possible delay, and

having ascended a distant hill beyond the reach of pursuit, they sat down upon its summit to watch the result of their operations. Soon light gleamed in the different apartments, then the flames shot through the windows—they could hear the crackling of the burning timber in the still night, and the shouts and curses of the drunken soldiers as they escaped. The workmen's bell rang an alarm, but no one came to render assistance at its summons; presently the fire burned through the roof, and soon after it tumbled in with an awful crash.

Darcy remained gazing on the scene of destruction until the ruin of Castlemore was consummated; then, rising to depart, he said mournfully, "Well, I never thought to see the day when I, or one belonging to me, would burn the home of the Martins."

Pincher continued his flight until he reached a village some miles off, where a regiment of English fencibles lay, without daring to seek protection at the houses which he passed. Neither his wife or child was at home, for Nelly, although quite willing to sacrifice her master, doggedly refused rendering any assistance, unless the mistress, (who being of the old family, had she conceived a claim on her fidelity,) should be safe from all danger. The attack, therefore, was deferred until Mrs. Martin had set out on a visit to a relative, living at some distance.

While Castlemore still burned, Colonel Blake and his family were already on the road leaving, it might be for ever, his ancestral residence. Mike remained behind for the purpose of settling accounts, and collecting outstanding arrears of rent from the tenants, which had not, by Mr. Pepper's direction been noted on the rental returned to the receiver; he intended to occupy the Castle as long as he was permitted to do so, and had arranged when dispossessed to be the guest of Mrs. O'Mahony, while business necessitated his stay in the neighbourhood.

Arrived in Dublin, the Colonel called on Mr. Pepper, who warmly pressed him to remain at his house while in town. The invitation being declined, he insisted on their dining with him that same day; they would then have an opportunity of talking matters over in the evening. Although indisposed to mix in society, the Colonel felt that on the present occasion he must sacrifice his private feelings to his interests; while waiting an interview he saw Mr. Pepper so inaccessible to others, who appeared from their disappointment to have had important business to transact with him, that he doubted being able to lay his own views before him, unless he acceded to the proposed agreement; he accordingly agreed to dine, supposing that he and Miss Bingham would be the only guests. Great, then, was his disappointment to find the drawing-room crowded with strangers, to each of whom his host *volens volens* presented him. They were mostly barristers, engaged for Lord Brackla, or attorneys who had been employed as agents at the election. Mr. Pepper was in high spirits, but the petition which he had now no doubt must prove unsuccessful, was the sole topic of conversation during the evening. The Colonel remained at table until a late hour, in the hope of hearing something of his own affairs; but the wine had circulated freely; and, when the other guests retired, Pepper was not in a condition to transact business; he made a sort of rambling excuse for having asked so many

persons, but "they were all such prime fellows that he couldn't help it." There was but one thing for it; his client must dine again with him to-morrow, all alone positively, when no interruption would on any account be permitted. In a few minutes after the Colonel's arrival on the next day at Pepper's house, his host, apparently much excited, jumped from a hackney coach, which drove rapidly to the door, and on entering ordered the chain to be put on the hall-door, and gave special directions that it should not be opened to any stranger. Then running to the drawing-room, and dispensing with the ordinary salutation, he abruptly asked the Colonel if he had been in the streets during the day, and on being answered in the affirmative, declared that he was the luckiest man alive; "Only think, sir, that rascal, Sharp, has obtained an attachment against you for contempt of court. It is actually in the hands of the bailiffs, who have been seeking you everywhere; luckily, I went into the sub-sheriff's office on some other business, and found out all about it. Catchem is a capital fellow, a most particular friend of mine, and would do nothing he could avoid to injure my clients; he just gave me a wink, pointed to the book, and left the room while I made a search, (the proper way of doing the thing, you know, for he couldn't tell as he's sworn to secrecy,) you must stay here until after twelve to-night, Colonel. It's out of the question that you could venture home before then, for if taken, you might be in gaol all your life; to-morrow will be Sunday, when you can drive down to the Pigeon-house and embark for England."

Neither the Colonel nor Kate had much appetite for their dinner. Every knock at the hall-door or pull at the bell threw both into an ecstasy of fear and trembling. Their host on every such occasion broke out into fierce invectives against Sharp's ungentlemanly conduct, and swore he would retaliate on some of that gentleman's clients the moment an opportunity presented itself. When the clock struck midnight and the Colonel prepared to leave, Pepper took occasion to inform him that the suit was an unusually expensive one, that he had already advanced considerable sums in his behalf; that Lord Brackla's affair had thoroughly drained him, but that carrying it through was a necessity—a successful issue being the only chance he had of payment in patronage—he wound up a dismal account of his personal perplexities and pecuniary difficulties, by declaring that he must have an immediate supply of three hundred pounds, or, however much inclined to serve the Colonel, he could not any longer transact his business. He then proposed going to breakfast with him next morning, when he hoped the money would be forthcoming, as its payment was a *sine qua non* to secure his future services.

The Colonel had about five hundred pounds in his pocket, the remnant of the product of the auction. He was unwilling to lessen the amount of his funds when going to a strange country; but what could he do? It was necessary that his affairs should be looked after, and he lay completely at Mr. Pepper's mercy; there being no time, were he so inclined, to employ another, as his personal safety precluded the possibility of delay; but were it otherwise, a change of solicitors would only create another enemy, and draw down another vulture to prey upon the "caput mortuum" of his al-

ready dilapidated fortune. He gave the required sum, and sailed "*en route*" for London. Always habituated to the elegancies befitting his station in society, and being still certain of a respectable competence, when the estate should be sold, or money borrowed upon it, the Colonel had no idea that retrenchment, in what he considered the ordinary comforts of life, was required at his hands. He therefore travelled in his own carriage, and posted to his intended place of sojourn. By the time he reached the metropolis, the contents of his original stock-purse was sadly diminished. This, however, was no cause for anxiety, for supplies were daily expected; and after passing the first night at an hotel, the family were settled in handsome apartments, adjoining one of the fashionable squares. The excitement of travelling and change of scene effected a marked improvement in the Colonel's health and spirits. Kate, too, felt the influence of the bustle and splendour by which she was surrounded, and almost ceased to regret a removal which released her from those scenes of annoyance and humiliation which had so greatly embittered the latter period of their residence at Dunseverick.

Although Mr. Pincher Martin's lamentations, on account of the destruction of his house, were loud, it is certain that his regret was rather simulated than real. The letters of Brown, and the sailor's confession had undoubtedly been destroyed in the fire, which relieved him from any conscientious scruples, in case either should be hereafter traced to and demanded of him. The building and furniture had been prudently insured to their full value, and the amount of the policy would make no inconsiderable addition to the floating capital, of which it was his fixed determination that no legal proceedings should deprive him; if matters came to the worst, he could live upon it out of the kingdom and beyond the reach of his enemies. The burning, on the whole, told rather in favour of his personal interests than against them, and, moreover, furnished a plausible excuse for removing to Dunseverick, where he was most anxious to establish himself. In those days the administration of equity law was very lax, and there were frequent instances of mortgagees entering into possession, and holding on until their claims as creditors merged by lapse of time into undisputed proprietorship. It was by this quiet and unobtrusive process that Pincher intended to appropriate the Blake estate to himself, and every necessary step had been taken to secure the success of his design. The receiver was his creature, and ruinous as receivers still are to any property, unfortunately placed under their control, they then possessed an infinitely greater power of doing evil. To account at all was rather unusual, and the "officer of the Court" frequently held his appointment for life, without rendering any information, touching his receipts or disbursements, either to the proprietor, whose estate he managed, or to the Court by whom he was appointed. Pincher, too, had little to apprehend in this case from any hostile interference, as he was himself the sole creditor and the only person interested, except the inheritor, already driven from the country by the terror of an attachment; he did not, however, hurry to obtain possession, for it would be dangerous, in the then excited state of the country, to hazard a residence there; an additional reason for delay was, that Mike might possibly be caught in the meshes of the law, and disposed of after the same fashion as



the Colonel. To the surprise of the public in general, and of Mike himself, he was allowed to remain unmolested, and the world gave great credit to Pincher Martin for the good feeling and forbearance which he displayed on the occasion; but at length this gentleman was prepared to strike; he obtained proof-positive evidence that Mike had interfered with the tenantry, and he lost no time in taking advantage of the discovery, to rid himself of a person whose presence might frustrate all his designs.

All sharp practising attorneys had at that time in their employment what was technically called "an affidavit man," in other words, an individual always ready to swear to the service of legal papers on persons whom he had never, perhaps, so much as seen; and through the instrumentality of one of those easy-conscience retainers, an attachment was obtained against the unsuspecting Mike, without his being afforded the slightest intimation of his danger. This preliminary proceeding taken, Pincher prepared to act; he sent notice that he should be in attendance with the receiver to take possession on a certain day, affording ample time to organise a resistance. On his arrival, he found the gates locked, the doors and windows closed, and the Castle occupied by a crowd of men determined to oppose him. The garrison was summoned to surrender by "the officer of the Court," and the reply was a bullet, which passed through Mr. Sharp's hat, and very nearly deprived the Chancellor of a most efficient servant. Pincher and his party instantly retreated, and an application was forthwith made to the High Sheriff for a force sufficient to protect the receiver in the discharge of his duty. The "rising" was hourly expected; the French were said to be in force off the coast, and, under the circumstances, Mike had determined to retain his footing "*vi et armis*," if need should be. Those for whose personal safety he was most solicitous were removed from harm; their interests were, he conceived, entrusted to his care, and the habitual recklessness of consequences, which generally influenced his conduct, when his own safety alone was at stake, prevailed. A "scrimmage" being inevitable, he resolved to devote himself to the cause of the chief of his family, and to defend his possessions, in the hope that, if the French arrived, and the insurgents succeeded, the legal leeches might be shaken off, and justice triumph over equity. The King's troops were fast drawing to the west, in anticipation of the expected invasion; and a Hessian regiment having arrived in the neighbourhood, Pincher and Sharp, accompanied by the Sheriff, suddenly appeared before Dunseverick, with an imposing military array. The garrison, who had received intelligence of their approach, were quite prepared to give them a warm reception. The walls of the Castle were thick, and the narrow windows were firmly secured by iron bolts of great strength; the outer doors were barricaded, and feather beds and mattresses piled against them on the inside, to resist the effects of musketry. The entrance-gate to the yard and offices, which formed a perfect square, surrounded on the outside by a deep and broad ditch filled with water, was fortified and protected by a number of newly felled trees, so placed as to render ingress, by a sudden assault, impossible, while its defenders were able to deliver their fire from the air-holes in the stable lofts and cow sheds, which presented a blank wall to those who approached to assail

them from without. The officer in command of the dragoons, after making a reconnoissance, ordered his men to dismount, and stationed them in the most sheltered positions, which were pointed out by the receiver's bailiff, who was perfectly acquainted with the locality, and knew well every mode of access to the Castle. This fellow, who had been dismissed by Mike for misconduct, eagerly availed himself of the change of agents, to gratify his revenge; he tendered his services, and was willingly employed by Sharp. Just as all was ready for the advance, the bailiff apprised Pincher that a small window, which gave upon the shrubbery, and lighted a lumber room was unbarred, that he had raised the sash, and found the apartment unoccupied. He therefore proposed, that while an attack was being made in front, he should lead a party, and enter the Castle by this unsecured window. His suggestion being approved of, a sergeant with twelve men, and a trumpeter to sound a call when they had established themselves within, were told off to follow him, and execute the surprise. By the time the bailiff was supposed to have reached his point of attack, the Sheriff, at the head of a strong detachment, marched directly to the hall door. There he stated his business in a loud voice, and demanded admission. After having three times repeated his summons, without receiving a reply, the soldiers were ordered to force an entrance. Sledges were immediately put in requisition, but the first blow was answered by a well-directed fire from the upper windows, which were now thrown open, and filled with armed men. While the battle was being warmly carried on in front, the bailiff with his party reached the unsecured window. Not perceiving any person to oppose him, he raised the sash, and entering head foremost, placed his hands upon the floor, to afford himself support, while he drew in the rest of his body. Just as he touched the boards, a blow was dealt him with a hatchet, which cleft his skull. The fall and shimmer of the weapon were seen by those on the outside, but the person who wielded it was screened from view by the position in which he stood. The trumpeter immediately sprang upon the window sill, and advancing his right leg and sword arm within the window, he paused; then suddenly bending his head, he brought his body within the sash, at that moment the hatchet again descended, but this time too late. The trumpeter defended himself successfully, though he could not advance, for the rapidly repeated blows prevented him from getting his left leg clear of the window. To release him from so perilous a position, the sergeant passed a pistol under his arm, and fired in the direction of the concealed enemy. The effect was decisive, Roddy the Idiot uttering a loud howl, rushed from the room, and the trumpeter effected his entrance; but the unfortunate fellow had scarcely time to stand upright, before the spare ammunition of the troop, which he carried in a linen bag slung over his shoulder caught fire, and the separate explosion of cartridges, resembling an independent fire of musketry, alarmed the garrison, and deterred his companions from following. They retreated with precipitation, and when Mike's people, guided by Roddy arrived, they found the trumpeter enveloped in flames, and nearly burned to death. The priming of the sergeant's pistol had ignited the bag, and destroyed his comrade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## A FAIRY SKETCH.

## PRELUDE—THEIR GOSSIP.

THE evening—one of those in late October, when, after sundown, the levels of the western sky wear a piteous, old affectionate look, as of a gentle spirit sad and loving, whose pleasures are past, looking still kindly upon the world—had sunk in dim cloud, and the dry autumn night which had fallen duskily and breezily over the inland and mountain ridge, is serrated in gray streaks along the distance over the sea; whence a few irregular stars, mirrored on the waters, are reflected on the windows of a cottage, which, with its willow hedges and small garden, overlooks the beach. The door stands open to the air, and in the outer earthen floored room the red turf fire smouldering in its ashes, with an occasional scintillation, glows drowsily on the dresser which adorns one wall, with its tin plates and cups, and a few rude articles of furniture, and on a couple of nets, which, resembling the cobwebs of some gigantic race of spiders, contemporary with the mammoth, are suspended from the smoky rafters. The silence of the night within this chamber is only broken by the murmur of the waves along the sands and cliffs—the wind fanning along the heather on the hill side, or the occasional chirp of a cricket in the chimney, which, after pausing a minute or so, apparently to collect its ideas, bursts alternately into tinkling song clear and gay, with industrious energy.

As the turf, smouldering and tumbling, sent a blast of sparkles up the chimney, a company of Fairies might be seen—the only occupants of the chamber—tiny figures, whose eyes had a starry frost sparkle, whose complexions were of a hue resembling fading wild rose and jasmine, while the expression of their faces, merry and wise, gave them an appearance of being both old and young—an air of antiquity mingling with the youth of immortality.

Some sat cross-legged on the hearth before the glowing turf, some on the hob, with their legs dangling into the flames, (for the heat didn't seem to affect them—on the contrary, they seemed rather to affect it,) one especially, who sat astride a half-consumed sod. But the greater number were perched around an old teapot, which stood on one of the hobs. It was an old teapot black and crackled, with a broken spout, which sniffed disdainfully at the fire, against which it was completely proof, while its general expression of saucy antiquity was not a little assisted by the handle, which appeared like an arm akimbo.

For some time the group remained silent, the stillness of the room being only broken by the song of the cricket above-mentioned, which from its

NOTE.—Most people say that the fairies have vanished out of Ireland—an opinion by no means worthy of so enlightened and literary an age as the present. For the truth of the following slight narrative, with which their existence is connected, we can only say that we are ready to vouch as strongly as for any other of the sort which has ever come under our cognizance.

sooty cavern in the flue was now displaying its monotonous minstrelsy with extraordinary liveliness and power of sustainment.

"That cricket is in great voice to-night," at length broke in a voice from the hob on which the teapot stood. "He has got over his cold since the last storm, and is certainly coming out in a surprising manner."

"Umm—pretty well," returned an old fairy, glumly; "but, lord! his voice is no more to be compared to that of his great-grandfather, who died in the last year of the first rebellion, than chalk is to cheese."

"There I must differ with you," broke in another, curtly; "and while deferring to your judgment in the question of earwigs and wasps, of whom you are guardian, must unhesitatingly assert my opinion, that the cricket yonder, of whom I am patron and god-father, as you know, is one of the sweetest songsters it has ever been my luck and delight to listen to. It's a hundred years since I heard his equal. Two summers since he was living in the farm on the mountain yonder, quite unappreciated, but when the affair respecting which we have assembled to-night commenced, I brought him hither in my cap to make him sing pretty Eithne to sleep as to-night, to dream of her lover, who, you are aware, has been for several years past abroad."

"Which?" croaked a little, weazen-eyed fairy, wagging its chin.

"Which?" returned the other; "you don't suppose I allude to Slocum Brodun, the fat farmer in the valley yonder, whom her grand-aunt wants her to marry. I mean Maurice, of course."

"Five years has that boy been abroad"—said a soft, kind fairy voice, from a spot before the hearth, when a transitory moonbeam, slidden through the window, gleamed in pale quietude—"five long years, and yet not a night has shadowed the world during that interval, in which I have not seen their thoughts, streaming in love light, like the rays of two constant stars, across the sea to one another's hearts, as they dreamt."

"But those five years' absence," said another genial voice, "have been five years of fortune. When I last crossed the sea, on a sunset beam, about a month ago—for since then, important business has kept me stationary here—I found that Maurice had not only amassed sufficient wealth to make himself and herself happy for the rest of their lives, but that he was absolutely on the point of returning home. The very evening I looked in on him, he had just returned from securing his passage in a vessel bound to those green shores."

"Well," said another, to a spright near him, whose little face seemed bronzed with travel, "this is not the only good fortune in store for them, as you and I know, since our last trip to a southern land, which shall be nameless."

"Ha! ha!" laughed his comrade—"pretty Eithne is indeed as ignorant of the history of her ancestors as our friend the cricket yonder."

"What!" asked the other, a sudden idea sparkling in his eyes—"what! shall we throw her into a sleep when she returns this evening, and give her a slight glimpse of a couple of centuries ago, in a dream?"

"Agreed!" said his friend, striking his wand on the floor—"yes, we will shew her—but, hist! here she comes."

At this moment footsteps were heard approaching, and presently an old woman, leaning on the arm of a girl, whose beautiful face wore a somewhat melancholy expression, entered the cottage, where the latter, having prepared a very frugal supper, the pair sat down to it before the fire. For some time the silence was only broken by an occasional word or two. At length, the old woman, whose keen eyes sparkled under a forehead crumpled with wrinkles, like an old bank-note, having drained the teapot above-mentioned, which she held with a trembling, avaricious hand, to its last drop, and taking out an old tin snuff-box, said, after she had carefully inspected with her weird, witch-like eyes the tea-leaves in the bottom of the girl's cup and her own:—

"Well, Eithne, when is it to be—when is it to be? You know there is not a more comfortable farmer, for ten miles round, than Slocum Brodun; no girl in her senses could reject the offer of such a snug house and such fine cattle as those yonder."

"Faith," said the girl, simply, while a glance of humour sparkled in her beautiful eyes, "I had rather marry a man I loved than half a dozen such farms and fields of cattle, as have been paying their addresses to me."

"This comes of reading ballads and such nonsense," said the old woman, in an inveterately prosaic tone; "but's of no use, for haven't I read your hand, and told you the fairies have fated you to be a rich woman?"

"And hasn't Nora Raven, the fortune-teller, told me I should marry whom I liked," returned the girl; "good morrow to you for a witch." Then, seeing a shadow of displeasure coming over the old woman's face, she added, in a simple, sad voice—"You are very wise, grand-aunt, and always anxious for my happiness; as to Brodun, the courting has been all on your side—you have taken the matter entirely out of my hands."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old woman, taking a long pinch, and coughing with her snuff; "I don't brag, you know, I think I have brought affairs about tolerably successful, ashore. What a wedding we shall have, to be sure. Yes, you may thank me for it; all, and though we won't live in a castle—as I've heard our ancestors did—we'll have something just as good, the best farm between the sea and mountains yonder. But, come, I'm worn out managing to make you happy—for as for myself, an old woman, what care I to be better situated—what care I?—and so must to bed." So saying, she toddled off into an adjoining room, leaving the girl, seated sadly before the hearth, to her feelings and fancies.

Left to herself, Eithne's face grew thoughtful and, though sad, resolved, and it was easy to see she was thinking of her absent lover, Maurice, of whom she had heard nothing for a more than ordinary long interval. Sometimes she seemed wrapped in prayer, as she murmured his name, but though disturbed by the chat she had with her aged relative, presently, more hopeful feelings seemed to flow soothingly through her mind, as she fell into a pleasing reverie.

At this period the fairies, relinquishing their respective positions near

the fire, formed a circle round her chair, muttering the while a charm, as they waved their wands. Then, just as this mystic ceremony was complete, lo! a wind dolorous and strange—a wind that seemed to breathe of the Past—was heard to float in an indistinct, inconstant dirge above the roof of the cottage.

At first, a slight shiver seemed to chill the girl, as she sat half drowsing before the red turf fire, but this, which was momentary, in a little, gave place to more pleasing sensations; and presently, lulled by some mysterious influence, aided by the monotonous song of the cricket, Eithne slept. Then, before her dream-illuminated soul a series of visions began to pass—scenes which she was somehow conscious had occurred in old days, shadowy and bright, two centuries gone by.

#### EITHNE'S DREAM.\*

The first scene was that of a green but desolate country, which bore in all directions traces of the tempest of war which had lately swept across its broad lands; here was seen a town with battered walls and streets of fallen and roofless houses, ruined and deserted, whose silence was only broken by the foot of the sentinel—there a wrecked village, through whose tumbled cottages, blackened with smoke and filled with ashes, the damp breeze swept sorrowing from the untilled fields and cattleless pastures. It was a dark winter's day, drear and chill, and the gloomy sky, which enclosed the round of the landscape as with a sullen prison roof, with here a mass of shattered vapour dark and stationary, there some drift of ragged rain-clouds pursuing their fugitive course on the winds toward the bleak sea, harmonized with the deserted districts it canopied.

\* Irish historical authorities refer frequently to the deportations ordered by Cromwell, who made it a condition with the Irish, whose estates were confiscated, to transplant themselves to Connaught, or be sent to Barbadoes. A proclamation to this effect, promulgated by the Parliamentary Council, was printed in Dublin in 1654. Colonel Fitzpatrick was the first who submitted to the parliamentary commission—after the defeat of Ormond's army—on condition that he should be permitted, together with the regiment he commanded, to enter the service of the king of Spain. Colonel Dwyer, commander of the Irish in Waterford and Tipperary, was the next to follow his example. "Cromwell," says Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs of Great Britain*, "deported forty thousand Irish from their own country to fill the armies of Europe with complaints of his cruelty and of their own valour." Numbers in those days entered the service of France, Austria, Spain, and Venice. Still earlier, in 1649, after the siege and capture of Drogheda by storm, the Protector ordered a general massacre of the inhabitants, and even the soldiers were compelled to kill their prisoners. "In this carnage," says Curry, in his "Civil Wars," "out of three thousand but thirty were left alive, and they were sent to Barbadoes. Whither also the wives and families of the Irish officers who had gone into the service of the European powers were deported. In those days the Barbadoes which were called the Tobacco Islands, were still peopled with a remnant of the aboriginal savages, the cannibal Carribs. It seems highly probable that it was from hearing some account of the latter from Raleigh or other adventurers in the newly-discovered western world, that Sakspeare originated the conception of "Caliban," in the "Tempest."

Presently, along a road leading from the interior to a town on the coast, in whose harbour a great dark ship swung at anchor; a train of waggons, crowded with women, girls, and boys, was seen advancing, and behind them a troop of cavalry, stern-eyed men, with iron helmets and breast-plates of shining steel. From time to time a mournful wail rose from the women, as they looked behind upon the mountains sinking in the distance—a wail which rose shrill and more hopeless, as they turned their eyes to the dark vessel and boundless sea.

Amid this company of exiles there was one, a bright-faced boy, to whom, by some unaccountable sympathy the dreamer felt attracted, possibly from her tracing a resemblance between him and herself, and on whom, as happens in dreams, she felt compelled to concentrate her attention.

Arrived at the harbour, she watched the embarkation of the mournful throng, the inflexible soldiers issuing their commands, the boats passing and repassing to the dark ship, which, like some sea monster, seems to bury freight after freight in its insatiable hold. At length the figure of the boy, who had waited until the departure of the last boat, disappeared over the bulwarks; then the great sails flapping shrilly, broadened in the dim evening wind, the capstans creaked as the anchors were raised from the waves, and the vessel, turning her heavy side to the wind, sped sullenly away—away over the stern ridges of the sea toward the blank sunset, swiftly;—but not so swift as the night, which, rising starlessly from the land, followed it, soon blotting it out, a gloomy speck upon the endless waters.

It seemed a long time before she saw the dark ship again, and when she did it was entering a port in a distant region—an island whose luxuriant woods, dominated by a great range of blue mountains inland, rose from the sea in tropic magnificence, under a bright hot morning sky. Then as the crew disembarked; she saw that death had been busy in that dark prison during the voyage, and that many a girl and youth, wasted by pestilence in its airless chambers, had found a grave in the devouring deep—a destiny less sad than that which awaited many of the survivors. Among the latter, however, was the boy Roderick, upon whose fortunes the dreamer seemed still fated to fix her attention, and who, from time to time became the centre of the ensuing scenes which rose before her vision.

The scene is now far away from the sea, in the interior of the island, where a number of slaves, watched by a stern overseer, are working in a tobacco plantation, in a valley between the mountains, under the glare of a furnace-hot sky—a sky which covers the landscape like a sheet of shining, blue, burning steel. Some of the slaves are negroes; but here and there, bent to his toil with an air of savage restlessness, appears one of the fierce Carrib aborigines of the island, with bestial, bony face, and eye, whose stupid fire flashes ever and anon upon his fellow-labourers with cannibal ferocity. And here, for months and years, as it seems, she sees the boy wearing out a weary life from cheerless dawn to exhausted, despairing sunset, in intolerable toil, surrounded by the mindless, incommunicable savage, chained to labour on a burning foreign soil, hopeless of escape—hopeful only of death.

Then, though the scene is the same—years have passed, and Roderick has grown to manhood in the interval. It is the night of a festival, when riot fills the houses of the planters and overseers—a night, too, of tropic storm. Black along the mountains' crests the thunderclouds have marshalled; fiercely falls the lightning, and tremendous are the peals which ever and anon, drowning the roar of the hurricane, pass away in demon uproar, portending ruin, over the pale-foamed waste of the tumultuous sea. As the lightning flashes in woful sheets over the awe-struck island, where the fiercest beasts and birds are hiding in death terror, amid this convulsion of nature, she sees a figure flying now along the hill-sides, now along the beach, in a distant part of the island—it is Roderick. Mile after mile has been placed between the slave-ground where he has toiled so many years—and a gleam of hope and safety illumines his face, as now, the storm having subsided, he enters a cavern in a seaward stretching promontory, and overcome with weariness, flings himself on the sands to sleep, lulled by the sound of the waves, which though still vibrating with the force of the tempest, fall cheerfully on his fading senses—murmuring of freedom.

And now, lo! it is morning, and goldenly spreads the light over a tranquil bay, in whose offing a vessel bearing foreign colours has hove to—lo! a boat has been lowered to water—it approaches the lonely beach—he is free! Surrounded by the crew, who converse joyously together in the soft language of Italy, she sees him wafted swiftly over the ocean many days—and then on the right appears Africa, and on the left Spain, and still gallantly the vessel surges on past coastland and island, until at length, under a gorgeous dome of evening cloud, she sees it approaching a proud City, whose domes and pinnacles seem to rise from the sea, like some golden exhalation of vapour in the sunset. And a voice whispers her that this proud city is Venice.

Still following the fortunes of her dream friend, Eithne seemed to accompany him through the splendid streets of this City of the Waves, in one of whose great harbours a mighty navy was, it seemed, preparing to adventure forth to give battle to another upon a distant sea. As Roderick stood, solitary and strange, on one of the piers, watching the warlike bustle, and longing to display his courage in the approaching combat—as he watched the boats full of foreign soldiers arriving from a neighbouring shore, and embarking in the great, high-decked vessels, she saw him presently start, as he heard one of the commanders addressing his company, which was drawn up near him on the shore, in the old native tongue, whose music he had not heard for many years—and the next instant, throwing himself into the arms of the speaker, exclaim, "Brother!" And then, after a period passed in mutual congratulations at a meeting so unexpected, she saw them entering the great ship side-by-side; and a little after, perceived Roderick, attired in the military garb of the Venetian army, take his place in the warlike array. Then the great vessel expanded its sails, and thousands of voices from its decks and from the shore mingled in a tempestuous cheer, as taking the lead of the navy, it sailed majestically from the city, over the twilight waters, toward the eastern skies, where,



low down, above a black mass of minatory clouds, like the lines of an army advancing, the pale crescent of the moon shed a dim, portentous light.

For a time all was dark. At length, as the sun rose, she saw two great navies approaching each other, and the flashing of innumerable arms, and the thunder of the cannon quickening as the fight deepened, and the roaring of the multitudes contending under the dense canopy of smoke, in which they were presently hidden from the view. And all day, she thought, this terrible fight lasted; and, at length, when the sun sinking met the sea, looked upon sinking wrecks and burning vessels, she heard the cry of victory ascending from the navy which had sailed from the splendid city; and on the quarter-deck of his ship saw Roderick—who, she was somehow conscious, had displayed great valour in the fight—surrounded by his commanders, one of whom advancing, presented him with a glittering sword; and she knew that the Irish exile had been raised to power in that foreign army, and that his bravery thus rewarded had opened to him a life-long path of glory.

Then, after an interval, during which years seemed to have elapsed, another scene passed before her vision. It is in the great city, whose streets rise out of the sea, all whose houses sparkle with a jubilant illumination; in whose churches the incense flames, and the organs rolling forth in majestic anthems, mingle their sacred strains with those of festal music which rise from a great square, beneath whose lofty palaces, gorgeous with carving and gold, domed and pinnaced to the stars—its rich windowed cathedrals—its monuments and statues, a vast concourse of gallant men and fair women, in gay and sumptuous attire, have collected to witness the arrival of the noble company, whose numerous black, lamplit pleasure boats are speeding along the watery streets, and who are about to enjoy the feast and dance in the palace of the potent Sea King.

In a vast palace chamber, from whose gilded roofs clusters of rich lamps pour their light around the walls, tapestried with historic scenes of battle, and pictured with the dark, keen faces of great kings and governors of old; a splendid company have collected. Music quickens the pulses of the beautiful and brave, as they tread the mazes of the joyous dance in centre of the spacious hall, and at the upper end, surrounding the Sea King, who, in crimson cap and rich blue robes, ermined and jewelled, occupies a golden throne, among his chief warriors and councillors, she beholds a figure, in whose noble features, now grown aged and gray, she recognises the once poor exile, whose courage and genius have been destined to honour amid the grateful people among whom his lot has fallen, and amid whom he has risen to the highest positions of power—the reward of his victories on the seas, and judgment in the senate.

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Months have passed, and the scene has changed from the lonely cottage on the mountain, fronting the sea—where we left Eithne dreaming among the fairy group of the Past, and expecting the return of her lover—to a sheltered and fertile inland region, where the mellow light of an August evening, glowing tranquilly over wide stretches of corn, and green meads,



and pleasant road ways, smiles happy on a large farm house by a winding river—a farm house behind which rose the jocund yellow fields of harvest, on whose roof a couple of broad sycamores shed a benignant shadow, and from whose interior the sounds of festivity, laughter, and song, ascend in congenial echoes to the bright sky which domes over a landscape redolent with plenty and peace. Any one passing that moment and who happened to cast a glance into the pleasant room where the company are assembled, fronting the now redly sinking sun, would, indeed, have witnessed a scene of happiness, which would have amply repaid him had he gone a mile or even two out of his way to observe it. For there, seated around a great table covered with all sorts of good things, he would have seen a joyous and jolly group of both sexes saluting each other with congratulatory glasses. There at one end a pretty young wife, her breast beating with pleasures, and love, and hope, and at the other, her husband—whom she has just addressed as Maurice—with glass in hand, now glancing at her fondly, and now at the red sun sinking toward the ocean, over the land where years of industry had enabled him to realize the happy scenes with which he was surrounded. And there also, an old woman, who ought to be months farther advanced toward the close of life, but who, on the contrary, appears to have put herself back twice, and four times the period referred to—so perfectly pleased and contented does she seem, as now gossiping, she rounds off a story with a pinch of snuff—from a silver box, no less—and now concentrates her attention on a teapot before her—quite a modern invention compared with that on which the fairies once warmed themselves—and whose contents appears so powerfully strong, that we are much mistaken if it would not have agitated the nerves of the greatest drinker in China, who had been brought up to the business. And just then, any one passing, we say, had he listened, might have heard the voice of the party mentioned, amid the joyous voices around her, alluding to an old tradition connected with the particular autumn evening in question, to the effect, that when the moon rose all the trees began to whisper to each other, a spirit having endowed them with temporary voices for that purpose, and that every one acquainted with the necessary charm had only to stand silent in any cluster of them, on roadside or in orchard, to hear their mysterious revelations. A fable which left so little earnest impression upon the company occupied with much jollier conceptions at that instant—that it was received with a pleasant chorus of laughter, in the enjoyment of which we may leave them. No one, in short, paid the slightest attention to this fragment of traditional gossip, and yet—

#### A TREE TALK.

And yet, as it happened, when the moon rose round and clear, some hours afterwards, throwing a flood of light on the curve of the river, and silvering the tops of the orchard trees, clustered near the farm-house, any one listening—after he had disabused himself of the fallacy, that it was the wind—might have distinctly heard the following conversation. The orchard, which was one of great apple and pear trees, was surrounded by

a range of poplars, several of which, apart from their ordinary melancholy temperament, seemed affected with a chronic asthma; but, among the former, gnarled and mossed, decidedly the most prominent, was a huge Apple Tree, a jolly personage ruddily covered with abundance of fruit, who, occupying a central position among his companions, was heard to break the silence of the warm, fragrant night, as follows—while now and then an apple falling served to punctuate the conversation:—

"What a glorious night," said the latter, in a rich fruity tone of voice, "never have I enjoyed a pleasanter sunset than that whose light I have been absorbing. I feel still all in a glow. What a blessing is heath and fine weather."

"Those clouds look like change," wheezed a poplar, "and if my presentiments don't deceive me, we shall have a winter of more than ordinary severity."

"And what does it matter to us," said a pear, whose knotted branches seemed to bid a defiance to the strongest winds, "whether we shall or no? If we were evergreens, we might, under such circumstances, have cause to complain; but what is it to us how the rain may fall or the tempests blow, when, lapped in our winter sleep, we are insensible to its transient inclemency?"

"No matter what sort of winters we may have," said the jolly apple tree, "we shall have pleasant summers and autumns, and many of them, now that the young couple have come to live on the farm yonder—our farm, as I call it. It will be an agreeable change after the past seasons, when this place was unlet, and when our fruit was rudely gathered by utter strangers, to be attended to by the good folk yonder, who are settled here for life; and we shall have the pleasure of seeing their children playing in our shadow, and climbing up our branches to get the red ones—a sensation very grateful to a tree of my disposition. What a jolly evening they have just had with their friends; upon my sap! I don't ever recollect to have heard better songe or happier laughter."

Here a smart young tree, whose boughs were weighed down with about a dozen apples or so, for it was his first season—a tree who was a mere lad as yet, but one of much promise and intelligence, which stood at some distance at the corner of the orchard fronting the windows of the room in which we had a glimpse of Maurice, Eithne, and friends, was heard to take part in the conversation.

"From what I have lately heard," he said, addressing the Orchard generally, and in a confidential tone, "a circumstance of great interest has just occurred yonder. If ever people were in luck *they* are."

"Tell us all about it," murmured the trees, in an excited whisper.

"Just as the friends they had been entertaining were going away," continued the young apple tree, "a man arrived from the town and presented Maurice with a letter, the contents of which, as he read it aloud, I distinctly heard. It was from a legal man, and the facts which it disclosed were, as well as I could gather, as follows:—

"It appears that Maurice is the descendant of a great old Irish family,

which was compelled to go into exile after some wars which took place more than two hundred years ago. One of the sons—who was a boy about my age when this occurred—was sent across the seas to an island, where he was made to work as a slave, but from which he escaped in a vessel bound for Venice, when he entered the army and became a great personage, and whose descendants continued to live in the enjoyment of great wealth and power in Italy, for a great number of years. As time went on, however, many of them perished in the wars, and had their estates confiscated during political changes, until at length, about fifty years ago, but one representative of them remained. This person, who though poor compared to his ancestors, was still possessed of a moderate property, and who has, it appears, died lately, left special directions in his will that a search should be instituted in Ireland to discover whether any descendants of his people were still alive in this country, desiring, should such investigation prove successful, that the representative of the latter should become his heir. After a search of several years, it was found that the party sought for, who had been in America for some time, had returned to Ireland—and who should he be—but the new proprietor of the farm yonder?”

Here the young tree was interrupted by a general rustling of leaves, by which the others exhibited the pleasure with which they had listened to his communication; even the cold, gusty poplar waved its upper branches in a manner indicative of gratification; and as for the jolly apple tree, he laughed so long that, before he had given vent to his feelings, he had shaken some dozen of his ripest fruit on the ground.

“And how did Mistress Eithne receive the news?” he asked, when he had at length got breath to speak.

“Threw herself into Maurice's arms, laughing and crying,” said the smart young tree, with boyish bashfulness; “and, as he kissed her, said that the fairies had foretold to her in a dream the history of the Irish hero, of whose race her husband was the last representative.”

At this moment the Fairies were seen approaching—like a cluster of stars floating through the bright air—and hovering over the ivied roof of the farm-house, whose inmates had long been wrapped in sleep, illumined by dreams of a happy future. And as the Sprights, circling and waving their wands, perfected their charm, a mysterious music, wild and sweet, streaming through the flooding moonlight, was heard to mingle with the pleasant murmuring of the orchard leaves.

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## THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY—EXHIBITION FOR 1863.

Of the 506 works of art, Painting, Sculpture, and Architectural design now on view in Abbey-street, it may be said that, taken collectively, they form a fair average exhibition; more we cannot say. The young painters of our rising school have certainly not been idle, and the styles and peculiarities of some of the older artists are well and abundantly represented

upon the walls of the Academy House. However, we believe there are few paintings in the collection of this year, which an untechnical critic would be very much disposed to remember with gratification. Manipulation or technical effect, alone, can never produce a really impressive work of art. No doubt, when accompanied with thought and correct sentiment, it becomes of very high importance, but it should, at all times, be subservient to the sentiment, otherwise there is no art, properly speaking, unless, indeed, it may be of a kind which should be classed with the "green and blue" work of Voudsen's celebrated "Irish Jaunting Car." Why is it, that in the sketches of an effect taken from Nature, even by a hand comparatively inexperienced, we are so frequently struck with the representation? Ask the artist to take that bold, rough, though vigorous piece of coloring, to the quiet of his studio, and produce from it a finished painting. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will allow his "manipulation" to murder all that is beautiful in the original; and though a nursery-maid, or fine lady even, who has chiefly studied Nature from her carriage windows, or during the promenade of a suburban flower show, may prefer the copy in consideration of its "softness and finish," the vigorous, life-like tone and natural sentiment of the out-door sketch will make it, and it only, prized by the judicious. Our remarks have been chiefly directed to the landscape department of the present collection; but they would, in a great measure, apply also to the figure subjects, or, at least, to many of them. In land and sea-pieces we have for some years past been very strong; and, judging from the progress made by many of our painters, still very young men, we may hope to see our school assume a high rank, if not the highest, in these kingdoms. The present collection is rich in every variety of scenery which may be found in western Europe. The aspect of glen, upland, and stream, of stupendous mountain cliff, of inland lake, "spreading like the sea," of holy sequestered island and ruined fane, may be here studied within the space of a couple of moderately-sized rooms. In works of history and figure we are, unhappily, much less fortunate. The great majority of our most eminent painters are exiles. They live in England or upon the Continent, and devote their energies to subjects in which Ireland is only interested, inasmuch as their production casts a kind of reflected glory on the country which produced, but could not keep such artists. Some of these great men are members, or honorary members, of the Royal Hibernian Academy. In the list given in the catalogue we find the names of Daniel Maclise, William Mulready, Frederick Burton, R. Rothwell, and others—all absentees, and all unrepresented in our National Exhibition! Ireland, though proud of her painters, is too poor to keep them. Of her greater sculptors the same may be said, though the most famous ever numbered amongst them, John Hogan, came to die in a land to which he had added lustre by his genius. Formerly, we believe, it was a regulation of the Academy, that each member should exhibit at least one work annually. Were this rule still in force we might, perhaps, the less regret the necessity which compels our eminent men, or the great majority of them to expatriation, and the Academy might not be so dependant

as it is for the attraction of its exhibition to the landscape painters and sculptors.

It cannot be expected that the "HIBERNIAN" could devote the space necessary for a complete review of even those contributions to our annual collection, which we might deem deserving of notice. We shall confine our remarks chiefly, but not exclusively, to the works of Irish artists, and especially to those which have been forwarded by the men who are popularly supposed to represent our rising modern school.

No. 58. Representing a "Moonlight Storm at Ostend," by J. R. Marquis, R.H.A., is, in many respects, a great picture. The subject in itself is simple enough. A large vessel dismasted, is riding heavily at anchor, within a very dangerous distance of a shore and pier, against which a fearful sea is raging. That all hope of assistance has not departed from the crew, is shewn by the burning a blue light on the quarter-deck. The fore part of the doomed ship, for doomed she is, as we may gather by the agony expressed in the action of the figures rushing about the shore and pier in purposeless haste and confusion, seems about to plunge into a fearful abyss from which it can never ascend. The fury of the more distant ocean, half-lighted by a burst of watery moonlight, is vividly rendered. The lurid glare of crimson light from the lantern at the end of the pier, struggling through the spray, and contrasting with the white light of the moon and scudding wrack, is a glorious bit of effect; but, perhaps, the chief point of excellence in this great work is the expression of motion in the immense wave which seems retiring broken and discomfited, after having hurled its charge of a million tons against the barriers to the left. As a critic, we would suggest that on such a night of rain, spray, and moonlight, the drenched wooden pier should look less uniformly dark; its timbers should be glistening in the struggling light; but, after all, this is, perhaps, but a slight omission to an otherwise very perfect scene of marine disaster.

143. "Howth Abbey"—Evening, by the same artist, exhibits a scene familiar to most of our Dublin readers. It is full of air, and is a most faithful representation of the place, as viewed on a misty summer afternoon. In the technicalities of his art, Mr. Marquis has made rapid strides within the last year or two, as all his present works shew.

Henry Macmanus supplies one of the most singular, imaginative, and original of all the paintings in the exhibition. To say that it is faultless, either in drawing or colouring, would be incorrect; but the faults are those of no ordinary artist. We could wish that the powers shewn by an Irish painter, in illustration of an American poem, had been expended upon a subject of *home* interest. There are few painters, than Macmanus, better qualified by mind and study to paint history, and especially Irish history. This picture is in itself a poem, grand and imaginative; but it instructs us in nothing, unless, indeed, in the occasional appearance of a semi-tropical sunset. Imaginative and original though it be, we cannot, when having studied its effect and detail, help remarking, somewhat in the style of "Little Peterkin," "but what good comes of it at last?" It illustrates the following lines from Longfellow's "Hiawatha"—

“ And the evening sun descending  
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
 Burned the broad sky like a prairie ;  
 Left upon the level water  
 One long track and trail of splendour,  
 Down whose stream, as down a river,  
 Westward, westward, Hiawatha !  
 Sailed into the purple vapours,  
 Sailed into the dusk of evening ;  
 And the people from the margin  
 Watched him floating, rising, sinking.

And they said—‘ Farewell for ever !’  
 Said, ‘ Farewell,’ O Hiawatha.”

Mr. Macmanus shews the versatility of his genius in two other pictures, landscapes, which are wonderfully true to Nature.

119. “ Ecclesiastical Ruins” on Inniscaltra, or Holy Island, Lough Dearg, Co. Galway, after sunset. This is Mr. Watkin’s finest picture this year. In many respects it is a worthy companion of his celebrated “ Clonmacnoise,” exhibited last season. “ This island is one of great historic interest, as the scene of the ruins of seven churches, and a fine round tower, which owed their origin to the seventh century, a great monastic establishment having been founded here by Saint Camin, who died in the year 653. It suffered much from the ravages of the Northmen, in 834 ; but the religious edifices were repaired, and the principal church in great part rebuilt in the 10th century, by the warlike monarch, Brien Boru.” The picture is treated much in the same way as was “ Clonmacnoise.” The venerable churches and the mysterious tower stand sharply against a glowing evening sky. Apart from the excellence of the painting, we look upon this picture as a work of value archæologically. Each capital and moulding, and even course of masonry, is shewn with almost photographic accuracy. A series of landscape portraits, by Mr. Watkins, rendered with the same feeling, force, and truth, and embracing, say the various groups of “ Seven Churches” in Ireland, would, in all likelihood, form a most enduring record of the oldest and most illustrious ecclesiastical establishments of which any vestiges remain in the west of Europe. The “ Seven Churches” of Glendalough, Scattery Island in the Shannon, Kilmacdunach, near Gort, Monasterboice, Co. Louth, and Rattoo in Kerry, have still their round towers standing, and each group, viewed from almost any direction, would form a most admirable study. Mr. Watkins seems to delight in selecting subjects for his pencil from scenes where

“ Ivy arch and pillar lone  
 Plead haughtily of glories gone.”

His picture of the venerable bridge adjoining Holycross Abbey is a fresh, truthful bit of Nature, and has all the appearance of having been executed



upon the spot. We are glad to find Mr. Watkins devoting his energies to native subjects. His selection this year is most attractive, though, perhaps, the "Clonmacnoise" of the last exhibition afforded more scope for the exercise of his wonderful power of poetizing a scene from Nature, than any subject he has since chosen to illustrate. Of that truly grand picture, an admirable chromo-lithograph is being published, for distribution by the Art-Union of Dublin.

Our old favourite, E. Fitzpatrick, sends but one picture this year, a circumstance which the many calls upon his time, as illustrator and designer on wood, will probably partly account for. Mr. Fitzpatrick is well known, wherever the books published by Mr. Duffy, of Wellington-quay, are read, as an able portrayer of scenes from Irish life. His picture, which, we need hardly say, is "racy of the soil," is accompanied by the following lines, illustrative of a well-known Celtic superstition—

"They raced and chased along the mead;  
 Their garments brushed the daffodils,  
 And splashed the pearls, which gleamed all night  
 Within the purple lusmore's bells.  
 At last they reached the haunted spot—  
 Nell skimmed the dew within the space,  
 And twixt her fingers let it drip  
 On Kate's uplifted gentle face;  
 And as her own was washed she cried—  
 'Bring, bring us charms and blushes new;  
 Blushes and charms descend, descend,  
 With every drop of morning dew.'"

42. "Portrait of Lord Powerscourt," by Charles Gray, R.H.A. This picture will add greatly to the reputation which the versatile artist has already gained. It is a striking likeness of a young nobleman, whose face is oftener seen in London than in the neighbourhood of Enniskerry, where his lordship possesses one of the finest, and certainly the most picturesque, of Irish estates. The force and truthfulness of this portrait, the harmony of its colouring, and the skill with which the difficulties of depicting the accessories of a military uniform have been overcome, render it one of the most attractive pictures of its class which we have seen for years. Mr. Gray is equally good at landscape and animal painting; and we regret we have this year no specimen from his pencil in either of those departments of the Exhibition.

John Faulkner, R.H.A., sends 12 contributions, of which No. 242, "Powerscourt Waterfall," though not the most important, is decidedly the favourite. It represents one of the loveliest scenes in the county of Wicklow. Wood and water, glen and mountain, are painted with so much truth, that the work seems almost to realise what a nature-tinted photograph might be. Green pictures are usually not very popular, but, in this instance, Mr. Faulkner has managed his aerial tones so well, that there is no monotony,

though absolutely very little variety of colour. We recollect some years ago to have seen a painting by Creswick, in which there was no tint but green, even the sky being tinged with that colour, and yet a more charming, effective, natural bit of painting we have rarely noticed. Of all Irish painters, Mr. Faulkner reminds us most of Creswick, in his woodland subjects. To this gem, No. 289, "Twilight—The Black Castle, Wicklow," affords a great contrast. One could hardly imagine the two paintings to have been executed by the same artist. Sensation pictures, like sensation writings, will, no doubt, have their admirers; but we doubt whether the homage will be very enduring. Had Mr. Faulkner been content to paint the "Black Castle," as we have often seen it, and the subject could scarcely be in better hands, a fine work would, no doubt, have been the result. But in straining after novelty and effect, he has produced a sky and a sea, which the most indefatigable inquirer after the picturesque has never, at least in these latitudes, seen in Nature. Very different, again, from the "Waterfall," is his "Dargle Scene," No. 17. Though rather cold in tone, it is really a fine work, and could only have been executed by one who had long and diligently studied from Nature. There is a freedom and breadth about the handling, a natural, life-like dash in the foaming torrent, which few other painters could have produced. Here, there is no straining after "sensation" effects; in fact, a fine subject is well and skilfully treated, and the result is an admirable picture. We have not space enough to notice several other works in the present collection, by the same artist, but we may say that the painter of the "Pass of Glencoe," of last year, has well sustained his reputation as one of our most promising artists.

Mr. P. V. Duffy sends altogether 13 pictures, of which number five are moonlight scenes. In the expression of nocturnal effects, particularly such as may be experienced during a sea-shore walk in summer time, he has few competitors. But, after all, we may have too much of even a good thing. A painter who produces picture after picture, conveying the same sentiment, scarcely varied even in the minutest detail, cannot hope long to maintain such a position, in the estimation even of his friends, as well-acknowledged merit might otherwise entitle him to. The five moonlights, which, by-the-by, are Mr. Duffy's best works this year, seem to be all brothers and sisters. Each, no doubt, is excellent in its way, some of them, we might say, faultless; but, with the lovers of Art, if much longer reproduced, as at present, and for some years past, they undoubtedly have been, they must be held to rank with a one ideaed poem, published at intervals under a variety of titles, but still the old song. The "Watching by Moonlight" if not the original, is a perfect copy of Mr. Duffy's well-known work, exhibited in the same room not long since, and now almost universally known, through the admirable chromo-lithograph, just issued by the Art-Union of Dublin. Of that we need say no more. "Muckruss Abbey" is a small, admirably-conceived, powerfully-expressed, and faithfully-executed picture. It is, of course, a moonlight scene; but here, instead of, as usual, a wild sea-shore, with a solitary curling wave, the subject consists of an ancient Irish abbey ruin, through the tracied eastern window of which the large, round

moon is seen, rising as she does in her majesty of a harvest night. In 185, "Lough Ina, Connemara," Mr. Duffy presents a winter scene in the Irish Highlands. There is breadth, effect, and an absence of technical trick in this picture which will render it a favourite even amongst those, and they are not a small number, who have little liking for winter scenes. As a painting, it is almost too good to be looked upon, except in summer time, unless, indeed, the beholder be a sportsman, when many a pleasant suggestion will arise of what might be done along the margin and islets of that human solitude. "Dunluce Castle," though a boldly conceived work, is, perhaps, the least successful of Mr. Duffy's efforts this year. It exhibits neither technical skill nor poetic sentiment. The sea might consist of any liquid but salt water, more especially in that portion of it near the shore, where in Nature its sparkle and freshness will generally be most conspicuous. Were Mr. Duffy to work more out of doors, we believe that he would have few to equal him in the higher walks of landscape painting; but at present his larger works, when not moonlight, are too often characterized by a sickliness of colour, especially in the greens, and a straining after effect, which seem unworthy of a painter of unquestionable talent. "In 170 "Sunshine in Killarney," we find only a pretty picture, where, had the artist copied more from Nature, an important work would have been the result. Mr. Duffy is, in many respects, one of the most thoughtful and expressive of our rising school, and we believe that his faults are such as time and reading will rectify.

Of the eleven contributions by G. Sharp, R.H.A., decidedly the finest is entitled, "Sœur de Charite, Avignon, south France."—No. 6. It is painted in a broad, masterly style, and in many respects reminds us of Rembrandt. This is saying a great deal, but we believe not too much, for the picture would hold a distinguished place in any collection. "A Family Portrait," by the same artist, is equally racy of Mr. Sharp's peculiar style. Breadth and depth of tone characterize all his present contributions, except a few landscape sketches, which his friends could, perhaps, have wished he had not exhibited, as they are about the very worst pictures numbered in the catalogue. His portrait, No. 189, and a pretty little picture of a boy "creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to school" are very happy.

Amongst the landscape painters Mr. N. M'Evoy holds a very respectable position, though his pictures generally have the look of not being finished. Decidedly his best this year is that entitled "Autumn," No. 9. It is a large composition, made up, apparently, of scraps of scenery, such as surround Dublin. Mr. M'Evoy, who, we believe, is one of our younger artists, promises to paint well, but he has yet to learn how to proportion the size of his picture to the importance of the subject.

In a painting entitled "Home after Work," No. 283, Mr. Edward Shiel, A.R.H.A., presents a very pleasing evidence of his power of picture storytelling, which has found a purchaser in the Earl of Carlisle. As a painter of figure subjects Mr. Shiel is already well and favourably known to the art-loving public.

The "Stolen March," by W. Osborne, No. 73, represents a large watch-

dog, of the Newfoundland species, sleeping at his post, while a sly grimalkin is approaching stealthily, and with well expressed anxiety, to appropriate to herself a bone which the slumberer had been mumbling. The thievish and timidly bold character of the cat is happily and humourously told. As for the dog, he appears almost a reality. Indeed, as an animal painter, Mr. Osborne takes a very high rank. His drawing and colouring are equally good, and in pictures of this class he rarely fails to amuse by the touch of sly humour which pervades his story. Some terriers' heads in the present collection would be worthy the pencil of Landseer. They are full of life and vivacity, and could only have been produced by an artist who had made the habits and character of "man's companion" a peculiar study.

Amongst the sea pieces are several gems from the pencil of Mr. Kenrick, R.H.A., a painter who has been long a favourite with all who love to see the aspect of Old Ocean in calm or tempest, blue water or sheltered bay, forcibly and faithfully portrayed. This year his contributions, though numerous, are small—too small for the full display of his well-known power. The same remark holds good with the works of another esteemed marine artist, Edwin Hayes, R.H.A. Mr. Hayes is no longer a resident among us, having been induced to seek in London that encouragement which he had long patiently but vainly looked for on this side of the water, where, however, he made at least a great name. His most pleasing picture is entitled "Remembrance of Dublin Bay," No. 425. The scene taken from the Light-house-wall beyond the Pigeon-house Fort, will be recognised by most Dublin people. Mr. Hayes has been compared to Stanfield, and we are happy, for his sake, if it be true, as somewhere stated, that the reason of his comparative weakness as an exhibitor this year is, that the execution of private orders in England occupies nearly the whole of his time.

The Secretary of the Academy, Mr. M. A. Hayes, best known to the public as our most successful painter of military subjects, proves this year, beyond all question, that he can produce work of another class, and equally good. His great picture of the "Meet of the Kildare Hounds at Bishop's Court," the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clonmel, will be looked upon by many with great interest, as it contains admirably-executed portraits of no fewer than twenty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, well-known to the country. As a whole, the work is finely executed, the drawing and colouring not only of the human figure, but also of the dogs and "cattle" being every way worthy of Mr. Hayes's reputation. His military subjects, an "Advanced Guard upon a Night March," and the "Alarm of the Picket, 8th Hussars," are in his older style. The "mounting in hot haste," the orderly disorder of the troops in the latter are so well and characteristically expressed that one would suppose the painter to have lived in the atmosphere of the camp, and to have witnessed more than one campaign. Some drawings of quiet woodland scenery, executed with truth and feeling, would indicate that the painter's "voice" was not always "for war." Mr. Edward Hayes, R.H.A., like his son, whose works we have just noticed, does not confine himself to one particular line of art; but his chief excel-

lence undoubtedly lies in portraiture. Witness 373, "Portrait of Mrs. Thompson." We believe this to be undoubtedly the finest water-colour production in the exhibition; and in its force, vigour, and richness, we see what may be done in a material too frequently associated with the idea of washiness and tameness, at least, as compared with oil painting. Equally good, though in a different style, is a drawing entitled "Boys and Goats." Perhaps the best specimen of Mr. Hayes's landscape delineation is 320, "Kiltmane Castle, county Tipperary." J. Bridgeford's "Passing Shadow," No. 43, is a striking picture, full of rich and harmonious colouring. It represents a pair of mediæval lovers, with whom the "course" apparently begins to be somewhat ruffled. We strongly object to the introduction of the pyramidal rock almost right in the centre of the composition, and perhaps the story is not sufficiently clear.

Mr. W. Brocas, R.H.A., in "Light and Shade," gives us for a subject, a pretty country child, guiding the hesitating steps of an aged blind musician towards a narrow rustic bridge which spans a swollen rivulet. This is a touching little picture, and very well illustrates the peculiar style and feeling of a veteran artist.

The collection of Portraits this year strikes us as being unusually weak. Photography, no doubt, has much to do with this. The great supporters of portrait and miniature painting in this country have usually been of the middle class, and for many reasons which it would be out of place here to touch on, people of moderate means now hesitate to spend a considerable sum of money on a painting, when the wished-for memorial may be acquired for at most a few pounds. But if the examples of portraiture in the present collection be few, we find among them several works of the highest order of merit. First and chiefest among them are the contributions of Mr. Catterson Smith, the worthy President of the Academy. His portraits of Dr. Corrigan and Benjamin Lee Guinness would do honour to any collection, or any period of art. Indeed, all his pictures are characterized by the same truthfulness and vigour. His "Child and Pet," a "fancy" composition, should be looked for by all visitors to the Academy.

We have already alluded to Mr. Grey's picture of Lord Powerscourt, The portraits and miniatures of the worthy ex-secretary to the Academy, B. Mulrennin, should also be examined, as they uniformly possess interest, not only as likenesses, but as works of art.

In water colours the Exhibition is this year more deficient than we ever remember it to have been. Several of our most admired painters in that material have devoted themselves entirely to working in oil. Perhaps the absence of water colours may in some measure be accounted for by the fact, that for some years past it has been the habit of the authorities of the Academy to hang the oil paintings and drawings together, to the great disadvantage of the latter. Artists do not like to have their drawings placed amongst oil paintings, for the obvious reason, that the latter almost invariably kill the former when the contact is too close.

Amongst the water colours is one drawing, which we cannot notice without some feeling of regret that it forms the gifted artist's only contri-

bution to that department this year. We allude to No. 430, "On the Laggan," near Belfast, by Andrew Nicholl, R.H.A. As a depicter of coast scenery Mr. Nicholl stands unrivalled, in water colours, at least. There is also an ineffable charm in his river-side bits, arising not only from his poetical feeling, but from the knowledge which many years of study, upon the spot, has enabled him to acquire of the details of flowering water-plants, sedge, and reeds, among which wild-duck and other aquatic fowl most do congregate. Indeed, it may be said of him, that he combines the skill of an accomplished artist, with the lore of an enthusiast in botany. His picture is an admirable specimen of its class.

Some portraits by T. A. Jones, R.H.A., would stand their ground placed no matter in what company. Indeed, so powerfully are they treated that few oil paintings have their rich, transparent depth.

Mr. Wakeman has sent a pleasing study of the stately Abbey Tower, entitled the "Yellow Steeple," at Trim, county Meath; and Mr. G. V. Du Doyer exhibits some pretty sketches illustrative of river scenery in the county Wexford.

Amongst the English and foreign works are several of a very high order of excellence, which many of our young artists would do well to study.

No. 20, representing a scene on the "Downs of Holland," is in every way most worthy of attention.

A night scene by the "Market Place in the Hague," Holland, surprises one by its wonderful force and finish. It is indeed a marvel of execution, and the effect upon the busts and features of the women attending the fruit stalls is so extraordinary, that the artist would almost seem to have painted with light as a medium in his colours.

"Puritan Purifiers," No. 233, by C. Rossiter, represents the wrecking of one of those glorious old parish churches of which England is now so proud, and the partial demolition of which, whether by time or by the fanatical violence of a former age, the archæologists of that country are generally so eager to repair. Notwithstanding some defects in drawing and perspective, the picture is still worthy of observation as a very admirable piece of execution. A troop of Puritan soldiers, commanded by an officer, who probably represents the identical individual who is recorded to have hanged his cat for the crime of mouse-catching on a Sunday, has commenced the work of havoc. What brings the women and children to such a scene is a wonder, but they are there; and notwithstanding the violence of the wreckers, not only against the "superstitious" images and the guardians of the sacred edifice, they seem quite as if waiting to be sketched. One little child, oblivious to the din of the hammerers and the commotion around, is represented quietly making a doll of a portion of what appears to be the rood-screen. It is a pity that Mr. Rossiter does not lay his characters more naturally. The whole conception would do for a scene in a second-rate theatre.

In our necessarily limited notice, only what may be considered the salient points of the Exhibition have been touched upon, but we may confess



that in some instances we have been silent on the short-comings of some very ambitious productions, believing that the painters, who are represented by works, even in the present collection, full of excellence, have been only taking too wild a flight.

In the room devoted to the exhibition of works of sculptural design there is little this year to attract public interest. We find there an average display of busts in clay and marble, as also some larger designs and finished statues, of which class, perhaps, the monument to be erected to the memory of the late Captain Boyd is the most interesting. This really fine work, by T. Farrell, R.H.A., is to be executed in marble. It represents the lamented officer just as he appeared on the memorable morning of the 9th of February, 1861, leading his men to the assistance of the crews of two vessels which had struck upon the eastern pier of Kingstown Harbour. We all know the story of his fate, and that of seven of his companions. The likeness is extremely good, and the whole composition effective. We trust that this statue, when finally executed, may find a site worthy of its merits, and of the memory of a gallant, good man, who risked and lost his life while endeavouring to snatch from the sea the doomed crews of two hopelessly shattered vessels. We have little to say of the sculpture; and the works of architectural design seem to be almost at the same stand-still. Mr. M'Carthy, R.H.A., sends a beautifully executed view of the Cathedral now being erected in Monaghan. The style is early decorated, and in many respects this church will be one of the most sumptuous in Ireland.

Several sets of designs for the Dublin Exhibition Palace and Winter Gardens will be of interest to most visitors. Mr. Alfred G. Jones is the successful competitor. Should the promise conveyed in the drawing be realized, our citizens will have a structure to be proud of. The designs by Mr. Carson, for the same "Palace," shew that more than one architect of undoubted genius and ability had given time and thought to the subject. Though not quite satisfied with the Exhibition of this year, we believe that it requires only the attraction of a few prominent works, such as our artists have produced, and may again produce, to satisfy any reasonable lover of progress that Ireland is not lagging in the intellectual march.

## IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDIES.

### II.—IRISH SURNAMES.

THERE is hardly any subject connected with the history of civilized races more calculated to excite interest and curiosity than the origin and growth of family names, or surnames; and yet, strangely enough, there is hardly any branch of antiquarian study the pursuit of which has been so much neglected; for, if we except the investigations of Scaliger, Camden, Du Tillet, and Du Cange—whose researches, however, do not appear to have been of a very profound nature—the subject does not seem to have attracted the attention of the learned. Although introduced at a comparatively recent

period in the history of every civilized nation, and notwithstanding that the existence of sufficient data to determine the date of their creation may be assumed, from the fact that antiquaries can fix upon a point, in the history of every country, before which the use of agnomina is known not to have been practised, the origin of surnames, together with the principle which governed their distribution, is largely involved in the obscurity that surrounds the separation of tribes and families of men from the parent stock. Whether they were imposed by legislators, as is asserted, in reference to some countries, or owed their origin to custom, caprice, or to a combination of these causes acting together, are questions which, notwithstanding the speculations of the authors referred to, await the solution of some curious investigator.

"Surname," or "sirname," is, we are told, and as the term implies, "a hereditary name added to the proper or baptismal name, to denominate the family of such a person." We are further informed that the use of these hereditary names was first introduced by the Romans, on the occasion of their league with the Sabines, for the confirmation of which covenant it was agreed that the Romans should prefix Sabine names to their own, the Sabines in like manner prefixing Roman names to theirs. These new names became family names, or surnames, with either race, amongst whom the old ones continued to be regarded as personal names. The former they called *cognomina*, and *gentilia nomina*, and the latter *prænomina*.

But Plutarch, whose brief dissertation on surnames, in the life of Caius Marcius Coriolanus, is the earliest that we know of, makes no reference, in his sketch of Romulus and the Sabine war, to the condition in which they are alleged to have originated. But in the sketch of his successor, Numa, the name of the Æmilian tribe is said to have been derived from the surname, Æmilius, conferred by the monarch on his son Namereus as a tribute to his graceful and engaging manner of speaking. That they were commonly used, however, in the age of Coriolanus, is manifest from the tenor of Plutarch's observations in his biography of that general, whose refusal of the large booty tendered to him by the consul, Cominius, after the capture of Coriole, led to the conferring of the name by which he is better known to posterity. "You cannot, indeed, my fellow-soldiers," said Cominius, "force these gifts upon a person so firmly resolved to refuse them; let us, then, give him what it is not in his power to decline; let us pass a vote that he be called 'Coriolanus.'" "Hence," observes Plutarch, "came his third name; by which it appears that Caius was the proper name; that the second name, Marcius, was that of the family, and that the third Roman appellative was a peculiar note of distinction given afterwards on account of some particular act of fortune, or signature, or virtue of him that bore it." He then proceeds to give several examples, proving that the fashion prevailed among the Greeks of bestowing names as the reward of achievements, virtue, fortune, and good qualities, and remarks on the habit of imposing nicknames, in which the Romans, he says, excelled his own countrymen.

The Romans, in the course of time, multiplied their surnames; for,

besides the general name of the tribe or family, called gentilitium, they took a particular one to distinguish the branch of the family, called also cognomen, and sometimes a third, or agnomen, as Plutarch remarks, on account of some personal distinction, as Torquatus, Africanus, Manlius, and Asiaticus. Nor was this practice confined to the Romans alone, for the use of agnomina prevailed also to a large extent among the other contemporary civilized nations of Europe; and, although not of a hereditary nature, continued to exist until supplanted by the present system of surnames. The names of nearly all the principal personages with whose lives the ancient histories of France and England make us acquainted, were compounded of a personal, or baptismal name, and *sobriquet*, as Charles Martel, Carlus Magnus, Edgar the Peaceable, Ethelred the Unready, Edmund Ironsides, Harold Harefoot, and so on; while the Irish records contain unmistakable evidence of the prevalence of this fashion; for, from the earliest period down to the eleventh century, we scarcely meet with a single name of any importance which is not composed of the prænomen and agnomen, as Art the Lonely, Conn of the Hundred Battles, Niall of the Nine Hostages, Ross of the Rings, Cathair the Great, and Balar the Stout-striking. Probably the earliest instance in these countries of the change of agnomen from its character of a personal *sobriquet* to that of a surname transmitted from sire to son, is presented by the name of Plantagenet, which, having been first applied, for some reason not sufficiently determined to the celebrated Fulke of Anjou, continued to distinguish his descendants on the throne of England until they were displaced by the house of Tudor.

Du Tillet also maintains that all surnames were originally given by way of *sobriquets* or nicknames, and adds that they were all significant and intelligible to those who understood the ancient dialects of the several countries; whilst Camden endeavours to prove that they are chiefly local or territorial, the greatest part of the surnames in use in England in his time being borrowed from places in Normandy, "not a village of which," he asserts, "but gives name to some family in England." The truth would seem to be that, in ancient times, when the rights of property were so insecure that a son hardly ever succeeded his father in the enjoyment of the estate or farm which the varying fortune of war, and the right of his strong hand, or *Lamh Laidher*, placed at his disposal for a time—and when tribes and communities of people were so many standing, or rather moving armies, without any fixed habitation—whatever surnames may have been used must naturally have been derived from some qualities of mind or body; but, as the march of civilization progressed and the possession of landed property became hedged round, in the ninth and tenth centuries, with the safeguards of charters, patents, enfiefments and other tenures, the proprietors assumed territorial names by way of distinction, as titles are now selected by the orders of the nobility.

The learned Scaliger remarks that the Arabs anciently used no personal names, merely adopting the father's name or surname, as *Aven-Pace*, son of Pace; *Aven-Toar*, son of Toar; so that, if Pace had a son called

Haly at his circumcision, he would be called Aven Pace, concealing the name Haly; but the latter's son, however named, would be known by the name of Aven-Haly.

In lieu of surnames, of which the sacred Scriptures furnish but few examples, the Hebrews, to keep up the names of their tribes, used the father's name with the addition of Ben, or son; as, Melchi Ben Addi, Addi Ben Coram; the Greeks also had the same custom, and the ancient Saxons likewise; but in the case of the latter, the particle *ing*, son, was postfixed to the father's name, as Ceonred Ceolwaling, Ceonred the son of Ceolwald. In the same way the Welsh used the word *Ap* or *Map*, son, as Harry Ap Owen, Harry son of Owen. When the use of surnames became common in Wales most of the Welsh names were formed by joining the word *ap* to the father's name, and abandoning the first letter, as Ap-Howell, now Powell, Ap-Henry, now Parry, Ap-Rice, now Price, etc.

Until Edward the Second's time surnames in England varied with the father's name. If the father's Christian name was Richard, the surname of the son became Richardson; if Roger, Rogerson; if James, Jameson, and so on; but from that time they began to assume a more settled character, through the operation of an Act of Parliament, as some assert; but it is more probable, as there is no trace of any such statute, that the change was owing to the progress of intelligence.

When the Roman *cognomina* came to be used amongst the French and English, they were called surnames, or sirnames, not on account of any synonymical affinity to sire, or father, as might be inferred, but, according to Camden, because they are superadded to the personal name; or, as Du Cange asserts, because at first the family name was written (*sur*) over the personal name, thus:—

de Bourbon  
Lewis.

Be this as it may, however, it is certain that the oldest surnames in use in England are to be found in the Domesday Book, most of them being taken from the names of localities in France and England, (chiefly from the former,) with the addition of *de*, as Geoffrey de Mandeville, Walterius de Vernon, Edwardus de Warenne. In others the mark of descent is retained, as, Gulielmas filius Osberni; but the inferior people are noted simply by their Christian or proper names, without any surnames at all, from which it must be inferred that the use of even such surnames as those derived from possessions or occupation was necessarily confined to the higher classes.

There is abundance of evidence to prove that hereditary surnames were not in use in Ireland before the tenth century, although the existence of tribal names at as early a period as the first century rests on undoubted testimony. These tribe names were generally formed by the addition of particles such as *raighe*, *aighe*, *ne*, and *aht* to the cognomens of some distinguished ancestors, as Caenraighe, Muscraighe, Ciarraighe, Partraighe, and so forth, and appear to have been first used by the *Aithech Tuatha*, or Attacotic tribes, who comprised the greater part of the population of this country at the

beginning of the Christian era. It is stated by Ware, Keating, and Lynch, the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," that family names, or hereditary surnames, first became fixed in the reign of Brian Boróimhe, between the years 1002 and 1014; and the statement has been unhesitatingly copied by all the subsequent Irish writers, none of whom have undertaken to question or attempted to prove it. This assertion of the earlier historians would seem to have been founded on a paragraph contained in a manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity College, classed H. 2. 15, supposed to be part of the life of the Irish monarch written by his poet, secretary, and friend, the celebrated Mac Liag; but in any case it must be considered the most ancient authority on the subject. In this document it is stated that "Brian endowed seven monasteries, both in furniture, cattle, and land, and thirty two Cloictheachs, (or round towers,) and it was during his time surnames were first given, territories allotted to the surnames, and the boundaries of every lordship and cantred fixed." With reference to this statement, which appears to be more rhetorical than correct, it is to be observed that, although there is no allusion in any more ancient manuscript to the question of surnames, it is stated in a much earlier tract called the *Diunseanchus*, or history of noted places, that the bounds and meres of Ireland—"from shore to shore, from the province to the territory, from the territory to the *baile*, (or townland,) and from the *baile* to the foot of land"—were described in the third century, during the reign of Cormac Mac Art, by whom the details were directed to be entered in the Psalter of Tara, the compendium of ancient knowledge to which all Irish writers refer, but of which not a line can be now ascertained to exist. It is doubtful, therefore, whether the introduction of surnames can be ascribed on any reliable authority to king Brian. Indeed it appears that they were used, although not to any great extent, a little before his time. At least this much is certain, that a great many of the Irish family names of the present day are derived from persons some of whom flourished at periods varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty years previous to his assumption of the monarchy, while others succeeded him at corresponding periods. Thus O'Doherty of Tirconnel, the progenitor of the name, flourished about the year 900, and O'Cahill of Ui-Fiachrach, from whom the name of Cahill has been derived, about the same time, while the great name of McCarthy first occurs in the "Annals of the Four Masters," under the year 1048, and that of O'Donohoe about the same time.

The O'Neills of Ulster took their surname from Niall Glundubb, Monarch of Ireland, killed by the Danes at the battle of Cill Mosomog, near Dublin, in the year 919, and not from Niall of the Nine Hostages, as is popularly supposed, as the O'Briens of Thomond took theirs from Brian himself. In fact, on examining the ancient records, it will be found that, with few exceptions, the ancestors of the most distinguished Irish families, whose names have been preserved in the surnames of their descendants, lived in the periods between the years 900 and 1150. The chief exceptions are the families of O'Dowda of Tireragh, whose progenitor, Dubhda, flourished about the year 876; O'Kelly of Ui-Maine, whose ancestor, Cesslach, lived

about the same time; and O'Ruarc of Briefny, whose progenitor, Ruarc, was the contemporary of the latter.

The formation of Irish surnames, divided, as they originally were, into two large classes, appears to have been characterized by the utmost simplicity of arrangement; and it is highly probable that the same simplicity should continue to mark the system but for the changes introduced through the influence of the English element. In plainer terms, if the Anglo-Norman invasion had not taken place, it is likely that the names of all Irishmen of the present day would be distinguished by O' or Mac, and that the truth of the old lines,

"By Mac and O'  
You'll always know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
But if they lack  
Both O' and Mac,  
No Irishmen are they,"

would be as undeniable now as it was a few centuries ago. Antiquaries have differed a good deal respecting the distinction between the O' and the Mac prefixed to Irish names, some asserting that the O' was a sign of royal or princely descent, because adopted by the O'Briens, of Thomond, the O'Connors, of Connaught, the O'Neills and O'Donnells, of Ulster; while Mac was considered a mark of inferiority. But there is no authority whatever for this belief, as some of the most distinguished families in Ireland, both as regards pedigree and property, assumed the latter designation, such as the MacCarthys, MacMahons, MacNames, and MacGillapatricks.

Another very strange error respecting these prefixes prevails in the North of Ireland, where it is held that every surname of which Mac forms the first syllable is of Highland Scotch origin, while those beginning with O' are of Irish origin; that O'Neill and O'Kane, for example, are purely Irish, while MacLoughlin and MacClosky are of Scotch descent. This error owes its origin to the usage among the Scotch, who, it is curious to observe, never prefix the O' to their names, while the Irish formerly used it much more frequently than its correlative term.\* The fallacy of this impression is, however, sufficiently demonstrated by the instances adduced, the family of MacLoughlin being the senior branch of that of O'Neill, while that of MacClosky is a well-known off-shoot of the family of O'Kane.

Still more extraordinary is the idea which until lately prevailed among the gentry of Milesian blood, viz:—that the chief of the family was alone

\* "The preponderance of the O' prefix in the surnames of Irish families, over the Mac formerly, appears from the genealogical Irish books, and from the patent rolls of James I. in which there are at least two surnames beginning O' for one beginning with Mac. The same fact also appears from the Index to the Annals of the Four Masters. At the present day, however, the very reverse will be found to be the fact. Nearly all the O's are rejected, and the Macs retained."—*O'Donovan's Preface to O'Dubhagain's Poem*, 1862.



properly entitled to have the O' prefixed to his surname; but there is not a single passage in the authentic Irish or English annals to warrant the belief that such a custom existed among the ancient Irish at any period of their history; for every member of the family had the O' prefixed to his name, as well as the chief.\* In signing documents, however, the chief always used some emphatic form of signature, such as was practised by the chiefs or monarchs of the European countries in the middle ages, and is still preserved in some, as "*Misi O'Neill*"—"I am O'Neill;" "*Misi O'Domhnaill*"—"I am O'Donnell."

The fact seems to be, that Irish family names were formed from the genitive case singular of the names of ancestors who flourished, as before observed, between the ninth and twelfth centuries, by prefixing O' or Mac; as O'Neill, MacCarthy, MacMurrugh.

The prefix O, otherwise written *Ua* in Irish, literally signifies *nepos*, or grandson, in which sense it is still used in many parts of Ireland; and in a more enlarged sense any male descendant, like the Latin *nepos*. Mac literally signifies *son*, like the Welsh *Map* or *Ap*, and the Anglo-Norman *Fitz*, which is a corruption of the Latin *filius*. In a more extended sense, also, it may be translated *any male descendant*, and has been so rendered by the most ancient Latin writers who have written of this country, including Adamnan and Giraldus Cambrensis. On the assumption of surnames, therefore, such as considered that the names of their fathers were calculated to shed a lustre on their posterity adopted the paternal name with the mark of descent, and hence the *Macs*; while others, who did not happen to possess distinguished sires, selected illustrious names from the long roll of their ancestors, from whom to take a surname, to which they prefixed the O'. The female names, however, admitted neither O nor Mac, the names of women being distinguished by the prefix *Ni*, the contraction for *ingen*, a daughter. Thus a female of the race of *Ua-Briain* or O'Brien, would be called *Ni-Briain*, or as it was and continues to be, pronounced, *Nee-Breean*.

In the course of time, it sometimes happened that some families, dissatisfied with the names which they had inherited, reverted to the great names of antiquity, which they adopted thenceforward, instead of the more modern, and, as they considered, less distinguished ones. "Of this mode of forming Irish surnames," observed the late Dr. O'Donovan, "a very extraordinary instance occurred in our time, in the province of Connaught, where John Geoghegan, (or more properly Mac Eochagain, *Anglice* Mageoghegan,) of Bunowen Castle, in the west of the county Galway, applied to George IV. for licence to reject the surname which his ancestors

\* On this subject Sir Henry Piers, writing in 1682, remarks:—

"Every Irish surname or family name hath either an O' or a Mac prefixed, concerning which I have found some make this observation, but I dare not undertake that it will hold universally true, that such as have O' prefixed were of old, superior lords and princes, as O'Neal, O'Donnell, O'Melaghlin, &c., and such as have Mac, were only great men, viz: Lords, Thanes, as MacGennis, MacLoughlin, MacDoneho, &c."—*Chronological Description of Westmeath. Collect. de reb. Hib.* Vol. I. p. 113.

had borne for eight hundred years from their progenitor, Eochagain, son of Cosgrach, chief of Cinel Fiacha, in Westmeath, in the tenth century, and to take a new name from his more remote and illustrious ancestor, Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland in the fourth century. His Majesty granted the licence, and the sons and grandsons of this John Geoghegan now bear the name of O'Neill, the other branches of the family retaining the old patronymic."

Even when taking surnames, the Irish could not, however, abandon their inveterate habit of distinguishing the more prominent members of the leading families by sobriquets; and from the year 1,200 down to a comparatively recent date, the chieftains of the distinguished houses of O'Neill in Ulster, McCarthy in Munster, and O'Connor in Connaught, were better known by their agnomina than by their hereditary names. Of the prevalence of this fancy for nicknames the O'Neill race furnishes many instances—as in the cases of Niall the Red; Niall the Great; Con the Lame; Henry the Contentious; John the Proud; Hugh the speckled; and so on. The genealogical roll of the MacCarthys is even still more prolific in examples, for, from the founder of the name, MacCarthy, of Desmond, who was slain in 1043, there has hardly ever been a man of note of the sept, who was not distinguished by some sobriquet. The chieftain of the race of O'Connor still preserves the agnomen, *Don*,\* or the brown-haired, assumed by his ancestor, Turlogh, in the year 1384, to distinguish him from his kinsman, Turlogh *Ruadh*, or the red-haired.

Nor was this disposition to assume characteristic family definitions confined to the Irish races alone, for, after the murder of the great Earl of Ulster, in 1333, and the consequent lessening of the English power in Ireland, the principal Anglo-Norman families settled in Connaught and Munster, who then, *and not till then*, became "*Hibernis ipsis Hibernores*," learned to speak the Irish language, and adopted surnames like those of the Irish, by prefixing Mac to the Christian names of their ancestors, and assuming territorial appellatives to distinguish the several branches. Thus the De Burgos of Connaught assumed the name of MacWilliam from their great ancestor, William Fitz-Adelm De Burgo, and adopted, in addition, the sobriquets of *Uachtar* and *Iochtar*, or upper and lower; the branch of Mac William Uachtar, being seated in Galway, and the other in Mayo.—Other offshoots from this race took the names of MacDavids, of Glinsk, Mac Philbins, of Dun-Mugdord, Mac Shoneens, now Jennings, Mac Walters, and Mac Raymonds; while another branch, seated in Kilkenny, and descended from the Red Earl, took the name of Gall, or foreigner.

The Berminghams of Dunmore and Athenry, in Connaught, and Car-

\* It is now supposed by many, that the epithet *Don*, borne by O'Connor Don, the chief of this sept, is of Spanish origin; but this supposition is erroneous, as it is of Irish origin, and dates, as above remarked, from the year 1384, when Turlogh *Don* and Turlogh *Ruadh*, who had been for some time coquetting for the chieftainship of the Sil-Murray, agreed to have it equally divided between them; on which occasion it was agreed that the former should be called O'Connor *Don*, and the latter O'Connor *Ruadh*.—*Vide Annals of Four Masters*, 1384.

berry, in Leinster, took the surname of Mac Feoris, from an ancestor, Pierce, (in Irish *Feoris*,) son of Meyler Bermingham, one of the principal heads of that family in Ireland. The chief of the family of Staunton took the name of MacAveely,\* or son of Milo, from an ancestor, Milo Staunton. The Barretts, of Tirawley, took the names of Mac Wattin, Mac Andrew, Mac Tomin and Mac Robert; the Barretts of Munster, that of Mac Paidin from *Paidin*, or little Patrick, one of their ancestors. The D'Exeters, of Gallen, in Connaught, took the surname of Mac Jordan, from Jordan D'Exeter, the founder of that family; the Nangles, of the same neighbourhood, that of Mac Costelloe, from an ancestor named Osdolbh, probably of Scandinavian origin; while the Mac Quillans of Antrim are stated to be of Welsh, or Anglo-Norman descent. In like manner, were some of the Geraldine branches designated Mac Thomas, Mac Baron, and Mac Gibbon, whose descendants are now known as Thomas, Barron, and Fitzgibbon.— Even the present name of Cody is derived from Odo, or Mac Odo, the head of an English family, settled in the County of Kilkenny, while that of Mac Keon was first assumed by the English family of Bissett, who were seated in the Glens of Ulster, from an ancestor called Hoon, or John Bissett.

To such an extent was this practice of assuming Irish surnames carried by the Hibernicised descendants of the Anglo-Normans, that it roused the indignation of such of their countrymen as ambitioned the entire subjugation of the kingdom; and even as late as the year 1682, we find Sir Henry Piers denouncing the degeneracy of the class. "In the next place," he observes, "I rank the degeneracy of many English families as a great hindrance of the reducing this people (the Irish) to 'civility,' occasioned not only by fostering—that is, having their children nursed and bred during their tender years by the Irish—but much more by marriages with them, by means whereof our English, in too many great families, became, in a few generations, one, both in manners and interest, with the Irish, inasmuch as many of them have not hesitated to assume Irish names and appellations; instances hereof are but too many even this very day: thus, a Bermingham is called by them Mac Yore, Fitzsimons Mac Ruddeng, and Wesley Mac Falrene. From men thus metamorphosed," he adds, "what could be expected?"

But to counteract the effect of this movement on the part of the Anglo-Norman families, the English Government resorted to the expedient of compelling all the Irishmen living within the pale, not only to conform to English customs and manners, but also to adopt English names. Accordingly, an act was passed by the Parliament of the Pale, in 1465, which, as it curiously illustrates the history of Irish family names, we commend to the attention of our readers. It is as follows:—

"An Act that the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth (*sic*,) Uriell, (Louth,) and Kildare, shall go apparelled like Englishmen,

\* A member of this respectable Galway family has recently adopted the original name of Staunton.

and weare their beardes after the English maner, swear allegiance, and take English surname."

"At the request of the Commons, it is ordeyned and established by authority of the said Parliament, that every Irishman that dwells betwixt or amongst Englishmen, in the County of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell, and Kildare, shall go like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving of his bearde above the mouth, and shall be, within one year, sworne the liege man of the king, in the hands of the lieutenant or deputy, or such as he will assigne to receive this oath, for the multitude that is to be sworne, and shall take to him an English surname of one towne, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skyrne, Corke, Kinsale; or colour, as White, Black, Browne; or art or science, as Smith, Carpenter; or office, as Cook, Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name, under payne of forfeiting of his goods, yearly, 'till the premises be done, to be levied two times by the yeare to the king's warres, according to the discretion of the lieutenant of the king or his deputy"—5 *Edward IV. cap 3.*

"In obedience to this law," says Harris,\* "the Shanachs took the name of Foxes; the Mac Gabhans, of Smiths; Geals, of Whites; the said words being only literal translations from the Irish into the English language."

Although the importance attached by this Act to the bearing of English names soon induced many of the less distinguished Irish families of the English Pale and its vicinity to translate or disguise their Irish names, the more eminent families, braving its penalties, retained their original Irish names unaltered; particularly the families of Mac Murrough, O'Brennan, O'Toole, O'Byrne, O'Murchoe, O'Nolan, O'Moore, O'Dunn, O'Ryan, O'Connor Faly, and O'Kelly. It is certain, however," observes the late Dr. O'Donovan, "that the translation and assimilation of Irish surnames to the English was carried to a great extent in the vicinity of Dublin and throughout Leinster; and hence it may safely be concluded that many families bearing English surnames, throughout what was formerly the English Pale, are undoubtedly of Milesian or of Danish origin."

The failure of this early legislative attempt to Anglicise the Irish is manifest from the fact that about a century afterwards we find Spenser advocating its revival, inasmuch as the Irish had become as Irish as ever. "Moreover," he observes, "for the better breaking of these heads and septs which constitute the greatest strength of the Irish, methinks it should be very well to renewe that ould statute which was made in the reign of Edward the Fourth, in Ireland, by which it was commanded, that whereas all men used to be called by the names of their septs, according to the several nations, and had no surnames at all, that from henceforth each one should take upon himself a several name, either of his trade and faculty, or of some quality of his body or minde, or of the place where he dwelt, so as every one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most part, whereby they shall not only not depend upon the head of their sept, as now they do,

\* Works of Sir James Ware, edited by Walter Harris, vol ii., p. 58.

but also in time learne quite to forget his Irish nation. And here withall would I also wish all the O's and Mac's, which the heads of septs have taken to their names, to bee utterly forbidden and extinguished. For that the same being an ordinance, as some say first made by Brian Boromhe for the strengthening of the Irish, the abrogating thereof will as much enfeeble them." \*

A few years before that in which Spenser wrote, viz:—in the year 1585, Sir Richard Bingham, Chief Commissioner and Governor of the Province, in conjunction with the then Master of the Rolls, exercised the powers of this office, "of purpose to take away the greatness of the Irish lords, with their names, Macks and Oes, that the inferiory subjects might be freed from their Irish customes, cuttings, and unreasonable exaction, and be thus drawn to depend more upon the state." But, although the attempt appeared at first anything but successful, the conduct of a few of the principal Irish families who adopted English patronymics proved so infectious that before the year 1650 there were few septs of distinction in which English names were not used. Thus the name of MacCrossan was changed to Crosbie, that of O'Duinne to Doyne, O'Connor to Conyers, O'Brien, to Brine, O'Reilly to Ridley, O'Donnell to Daniel, O'Sullivan to Silvan and Silver, O'Murchoe to Morpie, while the great name of MacCarthy became in some cases transformed into Carter.

The entire subjection of the natives after the events of 1688 naturally promoted this tendency to adopt English names, or at least to reduce the Irish ones as much as possible to the level of English pronunciation, rejecting in almost all cases the O' and Mac as in the foregoing examples. In other cases, as already remarked, the new names assumed were literal translations of the original Irish ones, as *Mac-an-Tsaoir* to Carpenter, MacGilroy to King, MacGowan (*Mac An Gabhan*) to Smith, MacBrehon to Judge, MacLamh, or MacLauv, to Hand; O'Luan to Lamb, MacShane to Johnson, and MacGillamire to Merryman. Some of the changes, however, appear to have been of the most capricious kind. The conversion of Mac Teige, for instance, into Montague, of O'Mulligan to Molyneux, of Macgillyfinen to Leonard, of O'Brollaghan to Bradley, and of O'Cornain to Corbett, can hardly be reasonably accounted for.

Other changes still have been made in Irish surnames by abbreviation, for the purpose of rendering them easy of pronunciation by the English, as MacEochaidh reduced to M'Keogh, and latterly Keogh; MacGillaPatrick, shortened to Fitzpatrick; O'Mullaly, to Lally; MacPhodheen to Patten, MacGilla-brighde to MacBride, and O'Huolohan to Nolan; and while the Munster name of Mac Gilla Synan has become reduced to Shannon, and that of Macgilla-buidhe to MacEvoy, so completely have the characteristic prefixes of Irish names been discontinued in Leinster, that there is not a single descendant of the ancient and noble family of MacMurrough whose name furnishes any clue to his lineage, if the name of Kavanagh be excepted; as the name now generally Anglicised Murphy is not derived from MacMur-

\* View of the State of Ireland, (Dublin, 1733,) p. 108.

rough, but from O'Murchoe, an offshoot of the family. Latterly, however, the respectability to which distinguished men like the O'Donnells, O'Reillys, O'Neill, and MacMahons have, in other countries, elevated the ancient names, has induced some of their relatives at home to re-adopt them, where such re-adoption was not attended by any penalties,\* such as prevent the Kellys of Castlekelly, and the Dunnes of Iregan, from prefixing the mark of Irish descent. The title of O'Connor Don, assumed by the father of the present bearer, had been disused for six generations; that of O'Grady has been revived, after it had lain dormant for a similar period; and the O'Donovan has re-asserted his right to chieftainship of his sept, by assuming the ancient title.

It is to be hoped that, as the Irish become national and *rational*, by the force of education and true taste, the example set by these gentlemen will be widely emulated.

## THE FIRST TEMPTATION.†

BY MRS. WILDE.

"THE First Temptation" is, without exception, the most able work of fiction which modern Germany has produced. English literature of the same class has nothing that can be compared with it in deep truth, deep wisdom, and deepest pathos, as well as in vigour of style, and profound analysis of character. It is a tale full of moral significance, a solemn, almost an awful protest against the scepticism that devastates the age; for none can deny its wide-spread existence. "All Europe is drifting to atheism," says M. Saisset, the latest writer on the subject. In England infidelity has already spoken from high places. Bishop Colenzo's dictum is, "The Bible is *not* God's word; it is a collection of parables and fables based on legendary facts, but has not even historical truth." And the demoralized English fiction literature of the day is remarkable not alone for the absence of all high purpose, or high moral exemplar, but by the absolute intrusion of low, coarse types of characters and degraded morality as objects of attraction and interest. The purpose of this strangely clever book is different. It shows the blighting effects of unbelief upon the heart, the brain, the life. It is at once a great drama of human passions, and a great ethical treatise.

It bears as its title those words of Satan, his first temptation, and first promise to humanity, *Eritis sicut Deus*, "Ye shall be as God;" and this promise, which the tempter repeats to every age, is sifted and tested by the

\* The patents of the estates of Castlekelly, in the county of Galway, and Iregan, in the Queen's County, contain distinct clauses against the retention by their possessors of the O', or the adoption of any form of name indicating clan-ship of any kind.

† *The First Temptation*; or, *Eritis sicut Deus*, a Philosophical Romance. From the German, by Mrs. WILDE, 3 vols, 8vo. Newby, London, 1863.



results which a belief in it brings forth. Do men really, or can men, become as gods without God? Can the culture of genius be a substitute for religion? Are culture, knowledge, art-worship, the true redemptive elements of human nature? or must there be above and beyond all these, yet blended with them, a profound religious belief, without which they never reach their highest manifestation or expression. These are the solemn and momentous questions which are analysed and answered throughout the progress of the story, by the lives and actions of the different characters introduced. The infidel philosophy is judged by its results, not by its reasoning; by its acts, not by its logic. The scene is laid in every-day, common life. The trials and temptations are not unnatural or exaggerated, they are such as any one of us may be exposed to; conflicts of passion and duty, which exist at times in all lives; but the workings of the heart and the conscience during these moments, when angels and the devil seem contending for the soul, are laid bare with such extraordinary power, that we are forced to judge whether infidelity or belief, religion or irreligion, gives best that strong help so needed by the human nature, called upon to pass through the fierce ordeal of temptation. The hero, Robert Schartel, professor at a university, and leader of the infidel philosophic party, is a man of high endowments, fine taste, universal culture, and a genial, bright nature. He has all the gifts and qualities that could make a life noble, except faith in God. He has no faith except in himself. Thus gifted, cultured, and fascinating, with instincts all turning to good and not to evil, he is the type of the highest elevation to which the natural man can attain without religion. So far, infidelity has in him its fairest representative. Around him are grouped disciples, companions, friends, women of genius, and men of intellect, women of no genius, and men of coarse, untamed passions; but all holding his doctrines, and acting on them according to their different and well-defined individual characters, and we are shewn how those same principles, that seem so harmless when held by the simple, studious philosopher, living apart from all temptation, germinate and bring forth bitter fruit when flung as seeds amid the burning passions and tragic conflicts of life. Robert, the hero, abhors crime instinctively, and is disgusted with all evidence of low sensuality and vice. He dreams that a man can make a world of beauty and harmony of his own will and power by culture and knowledge. And by these things, he tells his followers, "Ye shall be as gods."

But, every evil act committed by his followers is flung back to him as a consequence of his own teaching, a deduction from his own philosophy. When terrified at the evil spirits he has evoked, he tries to preach morality, restraint, moderation, purity, conquest over vice and sin; he is answered fiercely, "If there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no revealed moral law, as you teach us, why should we not follow the impulses of our nature? Who is to judge us, or to condemn us?"

Madeline, the woman of genius, finds in this philosophy her justification for an audacious emancipation from the moral laws. Sannchen, the weak, silly coquette, learns from it that, "We may do exactly what we like and

what we wish." Siegwart, the sensuous atheist, whose philosophy is, "What matter? It is all one in the end," and Edgar, the apostle of culture, harmony, æsthetics, and high art, are both proved equally worthless when put on their trial: and Siegmund, with his coarse, powerful intellect, and the smith, with his coarse, brutal passions, both draw from the same philosophy their excuses for crime. In the midst of all these influences stands Elizabeth, the pure and beautiful wife of the professor, sustained through all only by the lingering faith of her childhood. At first her husband resolves not to initiate her into the mysteries of their philosophy. "A woman is so beautiful when she lifts her eyes trustingly to heaven in any sorrow or trial. The essence of a woman's nature is faith and love, destroy them, and the result is an androgynous monster. You try to give her the nature of the man, but you only succeed in annihilating the true, pure beauty of the woman." But afterwards when his friends taunt him with teaching to others as "The truth," what he does not dare to teach to his own wife, he begins cautiously to undermine her faith.

The chief interest of the story is fixed upon this touching central figure of Elizabeth—so weak when she tries to combat her husband's logic—so strong when she casts herself humbly before God in prayer. Bertram, her lover, compares her to the Madonna of Perugino. "He, the painter of the glorified reception of the divine, who has symbolized the bridal longings or the aspiring soul in the loveliest of female forms—that tender, timid, womanly beauty, half lifted above the world, half within it, with eyes fixed on heaven, trampling, yet hoping with ecstatic joy, with unspeakable sorrows, for the hidden mystery to be perfected in her. A whole infinite of beauty, purity, and sadness in the face; and this face—this ideal of the sublime Perugino's, is Elizabeth!"

Throughout the progress of the tale, heaven and hell seem struggling for the possession of this one soul, suspended over the blank abyss of atheism. In a moment of terrible trial, in hopes of thereby ensuring domestic peace and her husband's love, she renounces God, and accepts the fatal philosophy he teaches her. The strange and horrible distortion that falls upon her life after this is powerfully described. "She was alive but dead—a galvanized corpse. The ideal, the distant, the spiritual had vanished from her life; all the currents of her life had frozen, and were turned to ice; yet it was not sorrow, that is demonstrative; it was *apathy*, a dull, chill, fixed, frozen apathy. Life is love, faith, hope, aspiration; the striving of the soul after the ideal, that highest and noblest expression in word and work of its own immortal beauty and strength. Life is sympathy with all life, and the source of all life; the stream that descends from the mountain and mingles with the ocean. But the bond of sympathy was snapped between Elizabeth and all creation. She had no hope, no faith, no aspiration. The wings of her soul were broken, and she could soar and mount no more; therefore, she seemed to him alive, but she was *dead*—a soulless, dead machine that did its work, but there was no life in the wheels."

Her husband became miserable at the change, and wrote about her to one of his friends. "The effect of our philosophy on Elizabeth's mind is not what I hoped or anticipated. I endeavoured to make her strong, self-

sufficing, a god unto herself, and the result is that I killed the feminine soul within her, I destroyed the source of all enthusiasm, aspiration, idealism; in a word, I took away *faith, hope, love*, and the soul of the woman died. There she is now, a weak, mournful shrine, from which the gods have departed; a ruined temple, a blasted tree. Call up any image of desolation you like, you will find none so desolate as the reality of this ruined, blighted nature. It is not sorrow has done this; others have borne more and worse; and I know if she believed her trials came from an all-loving God, she would have borne all and still hoped and trusted on. But she cannot stand *alone* in the universe with her great sorrow. She needs the guiding hand of the Saviour she had clung to from her youth up, the divine strength, and the human love blended into one, that wonderful Christian mythus which women in all ages have clung to in their sorrow."

Now, for the first time, the philosopher came forth from his philosophic dreams and theories, and stood face to face with a great sorrow, for which man's boasted strong volition had no help. The joy and beauty of his home were gone; his wife was ever before him like a corpse from which the soul had fled. They were alone, Robert and the pale, silent woman opposite to him, like fragments of a wreck thrown upon a desert shore. "Oh, friend," he wrote, "suffering is quite another thing from what I imagined it. I could have borne some great and sudden catastrophe like a hero—I could have stood upon the ruins of my fortune—I could have endured anything that aroused and stimulated energy—the wars and the conquest. Ah! I thought of suffering as a battle-ground where man, if he willed it, might be crowned as victor; but, this weary, wasting, nameless misery, that envelopes me like a shadow, that sucks the blood from my veins, and the power from my brain, how shall I meet it? I have no arms to fight against it. My strength is gone, my intellect fades away day by day; for, intellect is energy and hope, and I have none."

From this state he is aroused by the visit of a stranger who stimulates his ambition, by telling him that the world is waiting for him as the great leader and light of the age; he is no longer to bind himself to the dead soul of this woman he calls his wife, but, if need be, spring over her grave to freedom. By degrees a change comes over the philosopher's mind—the presence of his wife becomes hateful to him. He welcomes society, pleasure, the arrival of his pretty cousin Sannchen, a lively, silly coquette—anything that will make him forget her detested existence.

To a friend he writes:—

"We philosophers talk too firmly of warring with the Actual. I tell you the accumulated microscopic tortures of daily life would kill a giant. Do *not* war with them; evade them; fly to pleasure, to society; employ any stratagem, however mean, to keep your thinking from the *Actual*, or your intellect is killed beyond the hope of resurrection. Live in dreams, in pleasure, in folly if you will, but keep your head averted from *Reality*. Life is a gloomy experience, and we make it more so the more we keep our thoughts fixed on what it brings or what it takes. What a glorious life was that of the old gods; they descended to earth to quaff the foaming

wine of pleasure, and when it ceased to sparkle, rose again to O'lympus in eternal youth and freedom. Alas! we must wait, and *drain the dregs*. But why must we? Can we not fling the wine-cup over our shoulder, as in our wild student revels, and let it break when we have drained the brim, and nothing is left in it but the dregs!"

After this, he falls completely into the power of the little coquette Sannchen. They read "The Elective Affinities" together, and she persuades him that she is an Ottilia, and that he is "Edward." He resolves to divorce his wife—shut her up in a madhouse—and then marry Sannchen. How the wily coquette got him into her chains is admirably described. "She happened to be always ready just as Robert was going out, and he could not avoid accompanying her; whether invited or not, she would slip into his study to search for a book, and then draw him into conversation, till he found himself making her the entire confidant of his feelings and projects. He read his essays to her, and she was enthusiastic in praise, though not understanding one word of the subject. 'What true affection!' thought Robert. 'What a triumph over Elizabeth!' thought Sannchen. 'It is so delightful to *humble* her. She, who set herself up so above every one else, with her grand airs like a queen, and her *intellect*! Intellect indeed! I know Robert better than that. There never yet was a man proof against flattery, and I don't spare the dose. What fun it is to see him so entirely devoted to me. I can twist him round my finger.'

"'What a contrast there is between you and Elizabeth!' said Robert, one evening, warmed with an inexhaustible flow of Sannchen's chatter. 'Elizabeth's nature was so noble, and deep, and thoughtful; she never could endure the ordinary gossip and frivolity of the world. She had no senses but for what was elevated and beautiful. Ah! it is a sad thing to take these poet natures, and dash them against the hard, bleak rocks of the Actual! Now, *you* are just fitted for common life, the very commonest, indeed. You don't seem to have nerve or thought beyond it—poor Sannchen!"

"'Well, if that is the end of your deep, poet natures,' laughed Sannchen, 'thank Heaven, I have only plain common sense. I would not for all the world be so 'noble and deep' as your Elizabeth. What a charming wife she makes! Does she not?" Conversations like these began to have their effect upon Robert. As Sannchen never ceased telling him he *must* be miserable with his wife, he at length believed it. Her pity encouraged him to pour out his griefs in confidence, and her sympathy magnified them. He felt that the sufferings must be truly great which called forth such intense commiseration. 'Poor Sannchen!' he said; 'she has no brains certainly, but then she is so truly loving and devoted to me! How she anticipates my slightest wish! What a difference between her and my transcendental, ice-cold wife!"

The result was that each time he returned from an excursion with Sannchen, Elizabeth found an increased bitterness in his manner towards her. From being merely cold, he became bitter, then rude.

"There is something peculiarly offensive to a woman in rudeness from

a man, especially when the man is her husband. It is like a blow given by the strong to the weak. She cannot retort, or the affair would become a vulgar war of words. It is an insult to her as a wife and a woman; yet she must endure it—there is no help for her. He may stab her to the heart with a phrase that will rankle there a life-long; or he may crush her to the earth with an epithet that stuns like a blow; but she is helpless. What can she do but crouch down trembling till the coward strikes again. Anger may be appeased by softness, but rudeness is brutal; it destroys all that a woman has to plead for her—her tenderness and her love. Who could answer an insult with a caress?"

As Robert's moral nature deteriorated, his self-confidence increased. "The hour had come," he said, "for the emancipation of humanity, and his hand must strike off the fetters. He alone was fit and destined to be the leader of the age."

But the professor's further career, how he willed, and God forbade; how his pride was humbled, and his philosophy made his punishment, must be studied in the powerful chapters that close the third volume.

A nature like Elizabeth's, it may be imagined, could not rest for ever in the icy darkness of infidelity. There were divine depths in her soul that her husband's arid logic could never reach; and the scenes describing her return to God, not through reason, but through faith, are full of sublime, holy beauty. She stood within a church, "Ancient and noble monuments were there, whereon still, marble figures lay calmly, with hands crossed upon the breast; and the golden glory, from a painted window over the altar, streamed down upon a picture of the Saviour standing upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

"The ascending arches seemed to her like folded hands in prayer; the clustered pillars symbolized strength and love; unconsciously her hands rose too, and clasped themselves in the suppliant's attitude; while tears of emotion, aspiration, and infinite yearning rained from her eyes. At last the ice fell from the poor sufferer's heart; her soul rose up, as if from a sepulchre, and drank of the living waters of life, and was comforted. The old familiar words of Scripture came upon her ear with a resurrection power, as if an angel's voice had woken her in the grave, and bid her come forth and live!" A desire comes over her to make full confession of her sins, face to face with God—kneeling before the altar. The pastor leads her up, and then, "with her hands clasped upon her bosom, while the golden light transfigured her with a brightness like that of the glorified Saviour's—she told all—her weakness, her doubts, her temptation, her agony in that dark hour when the evil spirit triumphed—and she renounced her faith in God. Then, the vengeance that came, and the despair—bitter, hopeless despair—when her soul went down into hell, and devils mocked her, and there was none to comfort her, none to save. She was utterly desolate, God-forsaken, and alone!"

As the pastor listened to the confession, he looked, for the first time, straight down into the depths of a human soul, and read there "the infinite yearnings for love and strength, that no human heart or help can give, and he shuddered at the terrors of this desolated existence apart from God, like a

star rent from its orbit, falling down for ever and for ever into chaos, and darkness, and despair." When the confession was over, and the solemn form of absolution pronounced, she lifted her eyes to heaven, with a glorified light upon her face, and poured forth a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to God her Saviour; then rising, "as a queen might after her coronation, she folded her hands, and stood with lifted eyes in silent prayer. All pain and sorrow fell from her spirit in that moment, as chains from a captive. She looked up into a sea of light, and heard the song of the redeemed before the throne of God."

The proud, self-worshipping philosopher finds, at last, that "all his boasted reason, and culture, and æsthetics had not power to lift the soul of man one step heavenward; that all true progress is the work of the Holy Spirit; that his pretensions were lies, his wisdom folly, his strength weakness, his pride blasphemy; and that his miserable philosophy had no power to bid the ideal man arise from the tomb and ascend to heaven; but, that the Transfiguration, the Resurrection, and the Ascension of Humanity were the work of God alone."

This is but an imperfect sketch of a book, so rich in varied character and dramatic force, every page of which teems with almost startling power. It has no rival or equal in current English fiction; not one which can be compared with it in earnestness of purpose, beauty of style, and subtle range of thought. It demands, perhaps, too much thought from the ordinary reader, for it deals with solemn subjects—the deep, true meaning of life, and the eternal relations between the soul and God. And the canvass is, perhaps, too much crowded. There is material enough for half a dozen romances; and each character is typical, and has a meaning and significance, capable of being worked out into a distinct drama. Yet, all help to manifest the primary idea of the book—that religion must underlie all life; that every gift of man becomes but a mere bond-slave of the senses, if unaccompanied by religious belief; that every great cause becomes degraded and brutalized if touched by unbelieving hands; and that a life has only true nobleness, wisdom, power, and value, through its moral force.

Hitherto, we have spoken of the original production, and said nothing of the translation or the translator. But to call the one a translation, or the other a translator, is a mistake—possibly a delusion. If there be an original, Mrs. Wilde, in dealing with it, has not followed the art-process which photographs an object correctly in its outline, yet rigid and colourless, but that nature-process, which first absorbs everything into itself—then meditates, methodises, and finally reproduces the living representative. It is the rare charm of this book to the English reader that it has all the freedom of original expression of original thought; and while the subtlest skill in management of language and style makes us forget we are reading a German book through an English medium, that medium is so *achromatic*, that we feel the effect could have been produced only by an utter forgetfulness of herself into her work.

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## THE MERCHANT PRINCE AND HIS HEIR.\*

A TALE FOR THE WORLD, BY MRS. AGNEW.

SEVERAL years ago, Miss Agnew gave to the world "*Geraldine*, a Tale of Conscience," which was hailed with applause by the Catholic Public, and although the gifted Author has retired from the world, and is now the Lady Abbess of the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, Nice, she has written for the world a work of fiction, a specimen of which we hasten to place before our readers :

It was a fine evening in the cheerful busy city of Marseilles, on the 10th of June, 1850. The windows of a certain first floor were thrown open on a balcony commanding a view of the ever-varying scene of the port. The hum of a peaceful multitude, recreating after the toils of the day, gave additional value to the luxury of a solitude seldom enjoyed, while something more than these external aids to happiness—something of the sunshine of the breast, outshining the luminary of the skies—was reflected on the countenance of a fine old gentleman of sixty-seven, as alone, yet expecting a beloved guest, he sat in his arm-chair beside a small table, on which were lying several parchments and papers.

The dining-table, at a little distance, was arranged for two persons, and in a short time the well-known step was heard, and affectionate greetings were exchanged between the grandfather and his only grandson and heir, Arthur Bryce. The grandsire's welcome was in pure English, to which the youth responded with perfect facility, but with a slight French accent."

"My sixty-seventh birth-day passed off well and merrily, did it not, Arthur?"

"Indeed it did, sir; and I have to return you many thanks for having chosen your dinner guests to please me, not yourself. What nonsense we must all have talked, we young Marseillais, in our supposed wisdom, when the good wine had circulated a little!"

"Yes, you did all talk nonsense, to my notions. Young France as well as young Italy is to me like children blowing bubbles."

"And yet, sir, you sat leaning back in your chair, and smiling as benevolently as you are doing now; you did not even shrug your shoulders."

"My dear boy, the torrent of nationalities must rush on at present.—The result will sober you all. It is in vain for old people to endeavour to convince you young ones by theory. One theory, until put to the test, may be as good as another. Neither will an appeal to history avail; for great men, great actions, great sacrifices, have adorned each opposed side.—The best state of mind to maintain," added the venerable merchant of Marseilles, "and which I think my own, is to have a confirmed preference, from having seen and proved what is best: to remain faithful to this con-

\* *The Merchant Prince and his Heir; a Tale for the World, by the Author of "Geraldine."* Dublin and London: James Duffy.

viction, yet to believe that an equally intelligent and honest mind may, by the same test of thought and experience, have arrived at a totally opposite conclusion. The true test of a conviction is to make willing sacrifices for it. I have done this. The last thirty years of my life have been a sacrifice to my convictions, social and political."

At this final and solemn assertion, the young Arthur gazed astonished at his grandfather. Respect prevented his openly laughing, but a smile curled his mouth, and twinkled in his dark eye as he replied :

"Pardon me, sir, if I find it difficult to conceive how a much-respected and three fold millionaire, whose every speculation has been successful during these thirty years, can speak of the spirit of sacrifice; nay, of the fact of sacrifice, through all that golden time."

"You speak thus," said Mr. Bryce, "because that which is a sacrifice to one man is not so to another. But now come to dinner. Let us defer the long explanation I am prepared to give you until after the restoration we both require."

The removal of a step or two brought the loving pair to the now well-furnished table, where for more than half an hour more good things were eaten than said; and when the conversation recommenced, it fell more to young Arthur then to his grandfather to enliven it by sportive anecdotes and projects for the coming autumn. At length, however, Mr. Bryce, starting from some deep musings, returned with a resolute step to his former corner, saying: "Come Arthur, this is the hour long appointed for making a disclosure to you—an astounding disclosure. To defer it would be weakness. Sit down—sit down here."

Arthur, recalled from an excursion he had been planning aloud, half playfully—half in earnest, to the bay of Naples, now looked with sudden alarm at his grandfather. The young man had not been displeased to be known throughout the city, as the sole heir to the immense sum realized by the prosperous industry of his grandfather. He now concluded that some heavy loss was to be revealed to him, and he said faintly :

"To what extent, sir?"

"Ha!" cried Mr. Bryce, "you think me a ruined man? No! my boy, not that; quite the reverse."

"Quite the reverse!" repeated Arthur. "Oh! well, sir," added he, smiling, "I have no objection to your being a fourfold millionaire."

"You mercantile fellow," said his grandfather, "the disclosure I am about to make to you, has nothing to do with money. Look here," continued he, unrolling a parchment, on which were long lists of names, coats of arms, coronets, crests, and supporters; in fact, all the usual routine of a long and noble pedigree. Arthur looked, and felt both relieved and disappointed.

"Oh! sir," cried he, "if you did but know how little I care for such things. I acknowledge no nobility, but nobility of soul. I am aware that you are originally of good family, and have some claim or other to an estate in England, but I hope you do not require me to study all this grand family history?"

"I require you merely to read it through," said Mr. Bryce.

Arthur glanced at some historical names at the top of the page, then rapidly descended to the last of them—the Earl of Charleton—saying, "What have we to do with this last personage?"

"He has the honor of addressing you," replied the grandfather, smiling, as he bowed to the astonished grandson.

"You, the Earl of Charleton?"

"Exactly so."

"Then who am I?"

"Since the death of your father, in 1832, you are Viscount Stanmore."

"Well, sir, I mean my lord, I am, indeed, as much surprised, and my mind thrown into as great a state of chaos as you could possibly have anticipated. And is Bryce an imagined name?"

"No; it became one of the family names, though not the primary one, at the marriage of my father, your great-grandfather, to Augusta Bryce, an heiress. The old family name is Woolton."

"Then my second and supposed baptismal name is really that of my family, and I am now as ever Arthur Dieudonné Woolton Bryce or Arthur Dieudonné Bryce Woolton?"

"The latter will be henceforth the more correct," replied the grandfather.

And now a long pause ensued. The fact just announced to Arthur was sufficient to occupy his mind without reference to past or future. In these first moments he did not perceive any weight of responsibility lowering in the distance, from the acquisition of high rank in addition to the immense fortune to which he was the heir—no sacrifice appeared to beckon to him, with conscience sternly urging him on—still a feeling of antagonism against the aristocracy made him nourish a sort of proud disdain of that which had just been announced to him.

"Well, Arthur," at length inquired Lord Charleton, "have you no inquiries to make? Can you now form some idea of what I implied by the term 'sacrifice,' in speaking of the thirty years I have spent as a merchant in Marseilles?"

"Perhaps so, my dear grandfather; but I cannot feel as you do all at once. I have been perfectly happy hitherto in the rank of a well-educated commoner, and it will remain to be proved whether I shall gain in true happiness by the change."

"True happiness," said Lord Charleton, "is the reward of conscientious duty. It follows our having done our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us."

"It is now explained to me," said Arthur, "why, in spite of the raileries of the other merchants in Marseilles, you have given me an education so much more varied and extensive than that of my associates here."

"And surely you do not consider your education to be finished," continued Lord Charleton. "you are not yet eighteen; you must now give three years to whatever finishing studies you may require; including a classical tour of Greece and Italy, and you will, at one-and-twenty, be fully able to

compete with your peers, although the shades of neither Eton nor Oxford have nourished your early lore."

"I should like to study in Paris," said Arthur.

"I can trust you; you may go."

"Thank you," cried Arthur, brightly. "I begin to like the good news well enough; I shall be very happy. But I should now like to hear your history, my dear grandfather, and that of my parents, if you are prepared to relate them to me?"

"Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," said Lord Charleton, musingly. "You are that morning to me, my dear boy."

"I was born in the year 1783, in the ancient family mansion of Woolton Court in Westmorland; a lovely spot on one of those smaller and sequestered lakes unknown to ordinary tourists. All around the shores of the lake had been hereditary property since the battle of Agincourt. I was born unexpectedly, to the great joy of my parents, when they were advanced in life; other children followed me, but did not survive their birth. My father had two brothers, the elder of whom, having expected to succeed to everything, had no scruple in contracting debts, and even in bringing a mortgage on the estate which, at the death of my father, was discovered, to the great disadvantage of the family. My unsuspecting father had left these two uncles my sole guardians, and when I came of age the fatal truth became known to me that the family had become bankrupt in funds, in land, in reputation, in honor—in all that nobility holds most dear."

"In all that an honest man of any rank holds most dear," interrupted the grandson. "These two scamps of uncles are not calculated to warm my feeling towards this grand hereditary line since the battle of Agincourt."

"The hereditary *lands* of Woolton date from the battle of Agincourt," explained the grandfather; "for they were then given and held of the crown under the Great Charter, for valiant deeds on the battle field, by Philip de Voulton, first Lord Woolton, but the family can be traced in, perfect descent to Gaston de Voulton Chatelain de Gours in Dauphinés, before the Conquest. However, as you do not yet care for these researches into antiquity, I will proceed to recount, as briefly as possible, the departure of both uncles for America; a departure made so secretly that fresh dishonour fell on the family. I had but one friend after the death of my excellent mother; but he was a true one, and from a class of men who have great power for good or ill. This friend was the family lawyer. My mother's jointure had been the half of her own fortune. This alone was rescued from the wreck of all else. I retired at the age of two-and-twenty to Caen in Normandy, retaining my title, and with sufficient to support it in a provincial city. I married the daughter of the Baron de Rambulliére, with whom I lived happily during the reign of the first Napoleon, and whose family I accompanied to Paris on the return of the royal Bourbons in 1814. My fortune, however, having been all placed in the French funds, was gone. I had three children, I was in the vigour of manhood, I saw around me those of the first nobility, who, during their emigration, had

laboured with the pen, the pencil, or as teachers of French. I was inspired to emulate these examples of cheerful courage. I became English clerk in a great mercantile house in Paris, connected with this in Marseilles. I dropped, however, my title, and bore my mother's name, that by which I have been so long known. After some years I was offered a partnership in the house here, which I accepted, and by patient industry and an undeviating adherence to a prudent line of action I have become rich. The senior partners have been some years dead. I effected a separation of risks from the house in Paris, and associated no partner to myself here. I remain the sole possessor of wealth securely funded in the Bank of England, and have already signed the papers which, in six months hence, transfer, for an immense sum, the vessels, the warehouses, and the credit of Mr. Bryce, general merchant, to Messrs. Luisond, brothers, our old acquaintances here in Marseilles. This is a rapid sketch of my own life. Details can be given at leisure. You naturally wish to hear something of your immediate parents, and I turn from myself to them.

"Your father was the only one of my three children who survived his infancy, and he, to my sorrow, was of an extremely delicate constitution. He had a private tutor, and studied only as his health permitted. At the age of three-and-twenty, a marriage took place between him and the daughter of the Count and Countess de Courtrai, a younger branch of the great Ducal House of Courtrai. It was all arranged for him in the French manner. He was married by his proper name and title, in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, and then remained with the parents of his bride at Versailles, during the first year of their marriage; which, alas! was the last of his life. He had thus stayed in the centre of France, instead of returning to Marseilles, on account of a projected visit to England, should he happily expect to become a father. He knew my ever-strengthening hopes of finally regaining the estate of my ancestors, and often filially lamented that his weak health prevented his sharing in the labours to which, for that end, I had devoted my life. It was in the autumn of 1832, that I received the joyful news of the intended journey to England; but this was followed, a week after, by a letter from Calais, announcing the opinion of the medical friend who had travelled with the young couple, that, in the precarious state of my son's health, he ought not to risk the passage to Dover. I instantly started by the mail for Paris, and thence to Calais, where I arrived just in time to witness his edifying death, and received his desolate widow to my heart. My son was buried in the country of his birth, but his unborn child must see the light in England, or be an alien. You are aware that such is the law for the second generation born abroad. I did not appeal in vain to the courage of your young mother. Although but seventeen, she had given tokens of the heroic power of her principle of duty. I bore her from the grave of her husband to your birth-place, in the outskirts of Dover. Her mother, Madame de Courtrai, had joined her but two days when, in the midst of all our sorrow, you came, like a sunbeam, to cheer and console. Your mother rejoiced to give birth to an heir, but felt some natural regret that you bore but little resemblance,

in those early days, to him she had lost; while I, knowing the strength of constitution as well as firmness of mind of her who bore you, preferred to trace in your infant face, the dark eye and determined little mouth of your mother, for by those tokens I felt more assurance of your being spared to reward my long labours. From consideration for my daughter-in-law, I left her with her parents at Versailles and you with her, until your fourth year, when I fetched you both to my house here at Marseilles. During the week of convalescence at Dover I visited London, where I conferred with my ever-kind friend, Mr. Oldham, then a very aged man. He resigned some valuable documents to me, and introduced his nephew, whom he had made acquainted with all the affairs of the Woolton property. It is with this nephew I have corresponded during the last seventeen years. He is considerably my junior, and therefore I trust will be sufficiently active to advise and befriend you, when you, Arthur, in your turn, shall visit England."

During Lord Charleton's narrative, his grandson had drawn from a hidden fold near his heart a double portrait suspended by a chain round his neck. These miniatures on ivory, worn since childhood, were now gazed on with fresh and tearful interest. They had been bridal presents exchanged between the young bridegroom of three-and-twenty and his little bride of sixteen. Arthur perceived, as if for the first time, in his father's countenance high intellectual capacity, without physical power to render it available; something also of patient suffering and of a hope beyond this earth, gave a sacred character to the fair Anglo-Saxon head. Arthur pressed it reverentially to his lips, then turned his eyes on the bright, keen, impetuous mother, whom he could remember to have hugged and played with, and whom he had wept over with clamorous unappeasable sorrow.

"How well she retained her youthful expression," said he, smiling. Then, with a sudden gush of tears, "Oh! how impossible it seems that some persons should ever die."

Three years after the disclosures made in the first chapters, our young hero having finished with great success his studies in Paris, and his classical tour with a tutor, then visited England, in the spring of 1853. Some weeks were devoted to pleasant sight-seeing round the coast, some more to investigation of all the principal dock-yards, harbours, and arsenals, then more weeks to manufactures and mining districts, and still Arthur was not wearied.

England continued a land of poetry and romance in contrast to France, which being the country of all the prose reality of his life, he loved in a deep, earnest, and a practical manner, as the Arthur Bryce of Marseilles. This name he was obliged still to retain in its simplicity, for reasons which will declare themselves in due time. London had been seen merely in passing from one railway station to another, but now he was to visit and reside for some months in our immense metropolis; where, after seeing with deliberate attention, the many objects of the great capital, he was to finish his education by the study of as much law as Mr. Oldham, the family lawyer, might judge proper. This substantial elderly gentleman continued to be



the only person to whom Arthur was permitted to give his confidence; for Lord Charleton, anticipating the time when his grandson could select his young friends from his true position in life, bade him content himself for the present with guides, directors, inspectors, and all official persons; and, with the above exception, to outpour his feelings in letters to himself alone. Arthur had been residing in London about four months, when Mr. Oldham imparted to him that, after the most apparently capricious conduct, the present owner of Woolton Court seemed determined to dispose at once of the property, and had requested Mr. Oldham, by letter, to go immediately to confer with him on the spot. "Now, sir," added Mr. Oldham, "I have written, in reply, that I will have the honour of waiting on Mr. Sanderson on the evening of the twenty-fifth of this month of August, and of remaining one whole day at Woolton Court. That as his invitation was to remain ten days or a fortnight, to clear up some complicated affairs, with which request it was impossible for me to comply in my own person, I proposed bringing with me a gentleman who would remain to act for me, in all that Mr. Sanderson wished to intrust to my skill and zeal."

"And that profound lawyer is Mr. Arthur Bryce?" said our hero, smiling.

"It is," replied Mr. Oldham. "Your grandfather wishes you to see the place, and I think this appears a good opportunity. As for depth of law required in arranging Mr. Sanderson's papers, you have acquired knowledge more profound than those will require; besides, you can write and consult me about any difficulty that may prolong your stay. This is the 19th of the month. In six days, then, I shall have the honour of conducting you to Woolton."

Mr. Oldham departed, and Arthur soliloquised: "Yes, this is England! romantic, dreary England! What an unreal life mine is? Do I wish this to continue or to end? I know not? I may say with Hamlet, 'To be, or not to be, that is the question.'"

A letter from Mr. Oldham to Mr. Bryce, senior, at Marseilles, imparted the approaching visit to Woolton Court. He thus concluded: "It is still quite as necessary as ever to keep the secret of the name and history of him who wishes to possess the place. Mr. Sanderson is one of those gentlemen who have a jealous antipathy to those in a still higher class of society. He has also a nervous dread of being advised and persuaded into any measure; so that, however favourably inclined he may be to a project, he will relinquish it if advised—still more, if urged to remain constant to it. I have fully apprized Mr. Arthur Bryce of this bias of character in the present owner of Woolton Court, &c." The next letter received by the venerable merchant of Marseilles was from Arthur, as follows:

"My dear grandfather, to know that you will read with emotion the fact, that I am at Woolton Court, gives me a sympathetic feeling, from the reverence and affection I bear you. From your description, I have identified many parts of the house and grounds. It all strikes me as solidly grand, and noble, and worthy of you. As for myself, as connected with this place, I cannot believe it. The future is too uncertain—the present

too unreal. But I must relate the facts of our arrival. Mr. Oldham and 'Mr. Arthur Bryce, an intelligent lawyer,' recommended by him, travelled together from London by railway, as far as Congleden. Thence in a vehicle, misnamed a 'Fly,' to the entrance lodge of Woolton Court. We had ascended gradually for the last mile or more, and now we descended still more slowly the inner side of the mountain, or hill, into the little valley of Woolton—a scene of great beauty. Alternate rock and verdure; higher mountains in the distance; the peaceful little lake, nestling in the depths; a great variety of fine timber; and, abruptly rising from the valley, on a platform rock of its own, the mansion of Woolton Court. The natural causeway from this rock to the side of the mountain, which we were descending, brought us on level ground, and our poor little fly then flew with some speed, till we found ourselves before the huge portals of the outer archway of the court. We were expected and immediately admitted, through inner courts, and halls, and ante-rooms, to the comfortable little parlour, wherein sat the domestic trio of Mr. Sanderson and his two sisters. Rather pleasant and kind people, especially the elder sister. But there is in the house a most charming person; a daughter or sister of the Marquis of Seaham, who lives near, and comes from time to time to Woolton, to copy some of the pictures in this gallery, for her own family seat in Cheshire. The cottage they have on Windermere is, I hear, very well worth seeing. You have, I think, mentioned that family when talking of old times. The family name is Chamberlayne. I leave Mr. Oldham to report progress, should there be any, towards the re-possession of this place. The conversation last night seemed favourable; but this morning Mr. Oldham's looks did not betoken much advance; indeed, he was so inwardly fretted that he was compelled to vent it on his dry toast at breakfast, by scraping and stabbing it, as though it had been the effigy of Mr. Sanderson's irresolute self-will. In a few days I will write again, &c."

On the third morning of Arthur's visit to Woolton, he rose early, and with some vague feeling of expected pleasure in viewing the living as well as departed beauties in the great picture gallery, bent his steps that way. He perceived Lady Clara Chamberlayne already seated at her easel, and he gradually made his way towards her, preserving, however, after the first compliments of respectful greeting, a profound silence. Lady Clara had passed that first bloom which is supposed to hover between fifteen and five-and-twenty, but a consequent increase of intelligence and dignity, had given to her beauty a still greater charm. Amongst her many talents the art of portrait painting in oils had been one of the most cultivated; and Arthur beheld with admiration the fidelity with which she conveyed to her own canvass the lovely original, a Lady Sybilla Woolton, in the costume and style of Sir Peter Lely. At length, the naturally polite inquiry of whether his admiring gaze on her work were intrusive occurred to Arthur, and received the courteous reply, that it would be very acceptable to an amateur to hear the observations of one who, from his visits to the foreign galleries, and the instructions he had received from the first masters, must be a good judge of pictures, especially heads. Then followed an animated

conversation on the comparative merits of the galleries of Dresden and Florence, in the first of which Lady Clara had studied, in the latter Arthur. At length he ventured to observe that, beautiful as was the picture her ladyship was copying of the fair Sybilla, there were others in the gallery that he would have preferred to possess.

"I do not copy the Lady Sybilla because she is beautiful, but because she belongs to our family as well as to the Wooltons, and ought to hang in our gallery at Marsden. She is labelled here the Lady Sybilla Woolton, for Sir Peter Lely must have painted her when very young. She afterwards married my great-grandfather, the fifth Marquis of Seaham, and there is a melancholy pleasure in securing that all shall not be forgotten of the Earls of Charleton."

"That is very kind, very generous in you, Lady Clara," exclaimed the young man, energetically. "You are not one to trample on the fallen. The line of Woolton can boast of dauntless courage, of heroic endurance. I have heard of the last of that race—the last known in England. My grandfather was intimate with him abroad. Oh! how I wish you knew him."

Lady Clara looked at the speaker with a smile of intelligence, then laying aside her brush, she gave a small book open into his hand, saying, as she pointed to the various names of the owner on the blank leaf, "I thank you much for the persual of this work. I would have detained it longer, had I not already thought it better to warn you, that, although to the world in general, Arthur William Bryce may be the more obvious interpretation of the initial 'W', yet in this house, especially in this gallery, where the Wooltons can never be forgotten, you risk the discovery of your secret."

"Have I a secret?" said Arthur, prudently.

Lady Clara replied, "You had better trust me. You will never repent it."

Arthur seized the hand she extended to him, and pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, "I do trust you; I am a Woolton;" then added, "but tell me, how do you know me?"

"I own that I am puzzled," replied Lady Clara. "The last Lord Charleton has been traced—not in the spirit of bailiffs and constables, but with the purest motives of friendship—to Caen, to Paris. The marriage of his son, as Viscount Stanmore, proved that the earl still lived in 1831. But that son died childless in 1832. His bereaved father can no longer be traced. I must suppose you to be the descendant of one of the two younger sons of the ninth Earl of Charleton, who fled to America in the beginning of this century, as is recorded in certain family annals at our old place in Cheshire, setting forth how Gilbert Woolton wooed a certain Lady Jacqueline Chamberlayne, and how the gay deceiver fled from his word and his love to the woods and wilds of America; and how the Lady Jacqueline wrote verses, 'Oh! Gilbert, Gilbert,' in rhyme to Gilbert, and far-fetched Mechlin to Jacqueline, giving a clue to otherwise mysterious emblems in her portrait at Marsden."

"The scoundrell!" cried Arthur, "he is even worse than I thought him. Thank heaven, I am not descended from him."

"You shall tell me from whom at another time," said Lady Clara, suddenly resuming her painting. "The present owners of Woolton Court will expect Mr. Bryce, the lawyer, to attend the breakfast-table. The bell is sounding, and my most punctual attendant is advancing with my little tray."

"But when," demanded Arthur, "shall we again meet without interruption? Will you finish your sketch from the lake this evening?"

"I will, provided I can prevail on my hospitable friends here to have an early dinner. You shall row me to the spot. Of course, you can row, and swim, and dive, like a proper Ligurian?"

"Do you wish me to perform all those feats?" inquired Arthur, laughing; "because if you do, I should like to be in proper costume."

"Mr. Bryce," said Lady Clara, with a grave, warning look, as the maid arrived by the easel, "I will accept with pleasure your professional assistance, but only for the first point mentioned; and I beg you will receive my thanks for the information you have already conveyed to me in this book." Arthur, recalled to prudence, bowed with respect, and received his little book of legal hints, which might, or might not, be discovered by readers in general in Lamartine's beautiful poems. With spirits raised by the conversation of the morning, and its hoped-for renewal in the evening, he descended to the family breakfast.

It was more than a week since the return of Mr. Oldham to London, during which our hero had to undergo the penalty of being so able and rising a young lawyer, by remaining closeted each day, after breakfast, with Mr. Sanderson, during a couple of hours, looking over the same papers, and hearing the same observations.

A few days more, however, and from some domestic cause, unknown beyond the family trio, the owner of the dwelling determined to remove; and commissioned Mr. Oldham, by letter, to close with the offer made by his correspondent, the English gentleman in France. Arthur had to make a copy of this letter—a light task he performed most willingly; and with greater courage foresaw another wet day that would postpone the row on lake, the sketch, and the history of the three last heirs of the estate.

The following day, still a soft interminable rain. Arthur buried himself in the library, for Lady Clara had deserted the picture gallery. The evenings, however, were always pleasant, and as Arthur was convinced that Mr. Oldham would reply by return of post, he obeyed with alacrity the summons on the following morning to the study, where he found the expected letter open in the hand of Mr. Sanderson.

"So—well, pray Mr. Bryce, have you received any letter yourself from Mr. Oldham? No—really—because I do not much relish the fast way in which he is driving on, just as if I had definitively made up my mind to the thing. Here is he respectfully offering his congratulations on the unheard-of offer he has closed with for Woolton Court house and lands. Why, sir, no one can force me to sign the transfer against my will. There

is nothing definitively done. There can be nothing done without my signature. Why, sir, no one can force me to sell the place!"

"Most assuredly not," said Mr. Bryce.

"It seems exactly," continued Mr. Sanderson, "as if the old families of the neighbourhood had combined to get one of their own set into the place, and were helping him with the cash to make a tempting offer."

"This might possibly occur with reason to you, sir," observed the confidential lawyer, "had you been the first to occupy the estate, after the departure of the hereditary owners; but I am informed that two different families preceded you here. That of the Berkeley Westons, being the immediate purchasers from the last Earl of Charleton, who remained here sixteen years; and the family of Sir Errol Leigh, who were here thirty years, and laid out much money on the place."

So should I, sir; I should have done just as much for the place as did Sir Errol Leigh; perhaps more—yes, certainly more, if I had not been going, ever since I came."

"That was a pity," said Arthur involuntarily.

"Pity!" echoed Mr. Sanderson; "as if a man were not the master of his own actions. Why, sir, the Leigh family all died off of consumption. That was the recompense for living here those thirty years. All, all but the two youngest girls, now elderly women, who are living in the south of France; a rather different climate, where you can combine health and beauty. Now, here in our country, unless you can find a place to suit you in Devonshire—and Devonshire is relaxing—you have to pay too high a tax for beauty. This Woolton is unhealthy. It is a decided fact. It is too shady. You cannot see the sun till the very time you would rather be without him; that is, at mid-day, darting down his vertical rays on your brains. No sun-rise—no sun-set. The mist from the lake rising to your throat like the grasp of an assassin. No; nothing will do at this Woolton Court but closed doors and windows, a roaring fire in every room, plenty of port wine, Peruvian bark, and the house full of company. I have read in the *Times* this morning, of a house that may suit me in Hampshire. There is one, also, that I have long thought of, near Windsor. But I shall prefer the one in Hampshire. Fine sea view—distant glimpse of the Isle of Wight. Good neighbourhood, without any nonsense of pedigree. Yet how can one possibly judge of a place until one lives in it?"

"Very true," sighed the wearied Arthur.

"Therefore I have thought," continued Mr. Sanderson, "of seeing the two places myself, and we could travel up together to London; see Mr. Oldham, and then take a run down first to one place, then to the other. Of course, I frank your expenses, and pay for your time. And your time here, Mr. Bryce—."

"Oh, sir," cried Arthur, nearly laughing aloud, "I feel extremely obliged to you, but I must totally decline any remuneration. I have, on the contrary, to express my thanks for the hospitality I have received in this house; a visit which I shall ever consider with grateful pleasure, as one of the happiest of my life."